

# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Fifth Series, }  
Volume XXIV. }

No. 1795. — November 9, 1878.

{ From Beginning,  
{ Vol. CXXXIX.

## CONTENTS.

I. THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY ARRAIGNED BEFORE THE NINETEENTH. A Study on the Reformation. By Rt. Hon. W. E. Gladstone, . . . . .	<i>Contemporary Review</i> , . . . . .	323
II. A DOUBTING HEART. By Miss Keary, author of "Castle Daly," "Oldbury," etc. Part IX., . . . .	<i>Advance Sheets</i> , . . . . .	343
III. THE TROUBLES OF A SCOTS TRAVELLER, . . . . .	<i>Blackwood's Magazine</i> , . . . . .	359
IV. SIR GIBBIE. By George MacDonald, author of "Malcolm," "The Marquis of Lossie," etc. Part III., . . . .	<i>Advance Sheets</i> , . . . . .	371
V. LIGHTHOUSES, . . . . .	<i>Argosy</i> , . . . . .	377
VI. BOOKWORMS, . . . . .	<i>Saturday Review</i> , . . . . .	381

## POETRY.

COMMISSIONED, . . . . .	322	DO WE WELL TO MOURN?, . . . . .	322
HOLIDAY, . . . . .	322		
MISCELLANY, . . . . .			384

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY  
LITTELL & GAY, BOSTON.

## TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

For EIGHT DOLLARS, remitted directly to the Publishers, the LIVING AGE will be punctually forwarded for a year, free of postage.

An extra copy of THE LIVING AGE is sent gratis to any one getting up a club of Five New Subscribers. Remittances should be made by bank draft or check, or by post-office money-order, if possible. If neither of these can be procured, the money should be sent in a registered letter. All postmasters are obliged to register letters when requested to do so. Drafts, checks and money-orders should be made payable to the order of LITTELL & GAY.

Single Numbers of THE LIVING AGE, 18 cents.

## COMMISSIONED.

"Do their errands; enter into the sacrifice with them;  
be a link yourself in the divine chain, and feel the  
joy and life of it."

WHAT can I do for thee, beloved,  
Whose feet so little while ago  
Trode the same wayside dust with mine,  
And now up paths I do not know  
Speed, without sound or sign?

What can I do? The perfect life  
All fresh and fair and beautiful  
Has opened its wide arms to thee;  
Thy cup is over-brimmed and full;  
Nothing remains for me.

I used to do so many things:  
Love thee and chide thee and caress;  
Brush little straws from off thy way,  
Tempering with my poor tenderness  
The heat of thy short day.

Not much, but very sweet to give;  
And it is grief of griefs to bear  
That all these ministries are o'er,  
And thou, so happy, love, elsewhere,  
Dost need me never more.

And I can do for thee but this:  
(Working on blindly, knowing not  
If I may give thee pleasure so;)  
Out of my own dull, shadowed lot  
I can arise, and go

To sadder lives and darker homes,  
A messenger, dear heart, from thee  
Who wast on earth a comforter;  
And say to those who welcome me,  
I am sent forth by *her*:

Feeling the while how good it is  
To do thy errands thus, and think  
It may be, in the blue, far space,  
Thou watchest from the heaven's brink,  
A smile upon thy face.

And when the day's work ends with day,  
And star-eyed evening, stealing in,  
Waves her cool hand to flying noon,  
And restless, surging thoughts begin,  
Like sad bells out of tune,

I'll pray, "Dear Lord, to whose great love  
Nor bound nor limit-line is set,  
Give to my darling, I implore,  
Some new, sweet joy, not tasted yet,  
For I can give no more."

And, with the words my thoughts shall climb  
With following feet the heavenly stair  
Up which thy steps so lately sped,  
And seeing thee so happy there,  
Come back half comforted.

SUSAN COOLIDGE.

Sunday Afternoon for November.

## HOLIDAY.

HALF-GREEK adown the Highland glen  
And singing to the open sky,  
I passed beyond the ways of men  
And found my vale in Arcady.

The bees were drowsy on the slope,  
The air was wondrous sweet and still,  
And all my heart beat high with hope  
Of marvels on the Grecian hill.

The light cloak from my shoulders flew,  
My bare brown limbs were light and free;  
The lark whose rapture thrilled me through  
Was but a singing bird to me:

For I was Greek in Hellas' prime  
And singing to the clear bright air,  
And Grecian bees were in the thyme  
And the lost charm in all things fair.

Hills beyond hills from blue to grey  
Faint to the misty Highland sky,  
But-I have been an hour away  
In my own vale of Arcady.

From tree to tree the whisper creeps,  
"Look, sister, at the wayward man!  
His are the eyes of one who sleeps  
Within the vale Arcadian."

"Hush, hush!" the pine-tree sighs, "and look,"  
The lav'rock peeps from heather sweet,  
And headlong streams the Highland brook  
To break in laughter at my feet.

Blackwood's Magazine.

J. S.

## DO WE WELL TO MOURN?

YES, grieve! it can be no offence to Him  
Who made us sensitive our loss to know;  
The hand that takes the cup filled to the brim  
May well with trembling make it overflow.

Who sends us sorrow means it should be felt;  
Who gave us tears would surely have them  
shed;  
And metal that the "furnace" doth not melt,  
May yet be hardened all the more instead.

Where love abounded will the grief abound?  
To check our grief is but to chide our love;  
With withered leaves the more bestrewn the  
ground,  
The fuller that the rose hath bloomed above!

Yes, grieve! 'tis nature's—that is, God's—  
behest,  
If what is nature called is will divine:  
Who fain would grieve not cannot know how  
blest

It is to sorrow, and yet not repine.  
Spectator.

S. H.

From The Contemporary Review.  
THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY ARRAIGNED  
BEFORE THE NINETEENTH.

A STUDY ON THE REFORMATION.

Optat supremo collocare Sisypheus  
In monte saxum: sed vetant leges Jovis.  
HOR. Epod. xvii. 68.

IN the month of October, 1850, was kindled a strong political excitement, which ran through this island in all its districts, and gave birth to the measure, at once defiant and impotent, which, under the name of the Ecclesiastical Titles Act, encumbered the statute-book for a quarter of a century, and then silently closed its unwept existence. Public susceptibility had been quickened at the time by a number of secessions from the Church of England to the Church of Rome, large in relation to the previous rarity of such occurrences, and important from the high character of the seceders, and the talents of many, as well as the fine and subtle genius of one, among them. It happened that I had occasion to travel by post in the centre of France at the period when the stir began. Resting for Sunday at Roanne, I attended the *paroisse*; and heard an earnest preacher on the triumphs of the Church. His capital point was, that these triumphs were in no way confined to the earlier centuries: they were even now as conspicuous as ever; at the very time when he addressed them the great fortress of heresy was crumbling away, and the people of England were returning in crowds within the one true fold of Christ.

Is the worthy preacher now alive? Has he observed the currents of the religious and the ecclesiastical world? What does he think of his description, and of the prediction which it involved? Is he satisfied with the statistics of conversion? Or does he look deeper than statistics, which can at best speak only for the hour that is? Does he dive into causes, and, estimating moral and mental resource in all its deep diversities, does he still see in the opening future that golden harvest, with the glow of which his vision was then delighted?

As for the statistics, they are obstinately stationary. The fraction of Roman Catholics in the population of this country, as computed from the yearly returns of mar-

riages, has for a generation past been between five and four per cent.; and, out of this small portion, by far the larger part, probably not less than five-sixths, are of Irish birth. The slight variation observable has, on the whole, been rather downwards than upwards. The fraction itself, which approached five per cent. in 1854, now rises little above four. There is, in short, no sign that an impression has been made on the mass of the British nation. This is especially remarkable on two grounds. First, that a new lodgment has really been effected in the body of the aristocracy. Now, high station is in this country a capital element of attractive power. Fully half a score of peers, or heirs apparent to peerages, have, within forty years, joined the Latin communion; and have carried thither in several cases the weight of high character, in one or two that of noted abilities or accomplishments. But, secondly, these years have beyond all question effected an enormous augmentation in the arguing and teaching capacity of the Anglo-Roman body. I do not speak of merely mechanical appliances, as buildings. It is probable, that the secessions have multiplied at least fivefold the stock of educated ability and learning, available for all its purposes. The aggregate addition might perhaps claim to be equivalent in force to the entire body of honorem at Oxford or Cambridge for several years. The zeal of the seceders has been even more conspicuous than their talents. Yet this great afflux of missionary energy has entirely failed to mark the work of propagandism either by an increase of relative numbers, or, as every observer must admit, by an augmentation of civil, political, or social force.

Upon this curious state of things, a French priest, the Abbé Martin,\* looks in a state of mind more curious still. For him, and for those on this side the water who may have prompted him, the whole argument in the Roman controversy is on one side. Though there has been a great historical controversy, worked out, during many centuries, in many countries,

\* What Hinders the Ritualists from Becoming Roman Catholics? By the Abbé Martin. *Contemporary Review*, August, 1878, pp. 113-136.

through the most disturbed and complex human action, and often, as all candid men allow, through the vilest human instruments, and through means equivocally good or unequivocally bad, yet this is not one of the matters in which real weights lie in the opposite scales of argument, and we have to be led by the "probable evidence" which is "the guide of life." The case on his side is as clear as a little rill of water, a couple of inches deep. Then these Ritualists, of whom the abbé writes, have gone so provokingly near him; and yet, like the asymptote of the parabola, they will not touch him. They seem to hug and scrape the boundary, and yet refuse to pass it. So the abbé and his friends are as men standing under a tree, whose branches bend under a weight of golden fruit; and they shake the tree with all their might, yet, he says, the apples will not fall. Or they are like a professor of a popular natural science in his lecture-room, with all his paraphernalia around him: his explanation is clear, his description of what he is about to do has not a shadow of a doubt upon it; but, when he comes to his experiment, his instrument will not work, and he finds that there is something wrong. If Mr. Babbage's calculating machine had given him an erroneous result, he would at once have suspected a fundamental error in his adjustment of the parts; but this is the very last thing that would occur to the abbé or his friends. No unkind or discourteous word, indeed, drops from his pen. The glove he wears in his helmet is perfumed "sweet as damask roses." \* He has all manner of reasons to excuse these Ritualists; reasons of unconscious, concealed interest, of feeling, of tradition. But his article is entirely subjective; all on the men, nothing on the question. Anything and everything suggests itself to him, except that he finds no reason great or small, lying in the heart and essence of the case itself; a supposition, which the self-centred certainty of the Roman Church forbids any of her sons to entertain. And certainly his case is so far a hard one, that the rush of converts forty, thirty, and twenty years ago

was such as to raise a fair presumption that so many teachers would surely be followed by a corresponding multitude of the taught, and to afford at once temptation and excuse for many an unwary and precipitate anticipation.

The general proposition announced by the abbé at the outset seems to be this: that a portion of the English Church much resembles the Latin Church in ritual, usage, and doctrine, and it is therefore matter of astonishment that the resemblance does not merge into identity; in other words, that they do not enter the papal fold. Now, it may relieve the abbé's mind of a portion of the pain of this astonishment if he asks himself another question: it is this. There is another body, whose ritual and doctrine is deemed by his own communion to be very much closer to its own, than those of any portion of the Church of England. The ritual and doctrine of the Eastern Church have received from the Latin Church an acknowledgment it has never granted to any Anglican faction or section whatsoever; it is admitted that, in these capital points, that Church stands unassailable. Accordingly, it is only impeached on the charge of schism, a charge which the Eastern polemics retort in a manner highly inconvenient to the defenders of the *Filioque*, the supremacy, and the infallibility. Now the abbé must be aware not only of the admitted nearness of the Easterns to the Roman patterns, but also of the fact that nothing is so rare as a theological or ecclesiastical conversion from among them to the Latin communion. He may, then, do well to take the beam of the non-conversion of Greeks and Russians out of his eye before he troubles himself so seriously with the mote of the non-conversion of Ritualists.

The abbé is not coherent in his account of these Ritualists. At one time (C. R. pp. 113, 126) they do not truly belong to the Church of England; at another (p. 125) they "only continue the traditions of Anglicanism under a rather more subtle and dangerous guise." Which of these is the abbé's meaning? Perhaps, though it might seem difficult, he holds by both. If, then, these Ritualists are people who have found out a form of Angli-

\* Winter's Tale, iv. 3.



canism "rather more subtle," *i.e.* difficult for an opponent to grapple with, and "rather more dangerous," *i.e.* to the Roman controversialist, is it any great wonder that they should remain in the communion where they may think, as they are indeed assured by the abbé, they have found out new means of making good the positions held by their fathers for a term now of three and a half centuries? But, in truth, this article is not an argument merely about Ritualists, as the term is commonly understood among us. The point of the weapon is directed towards them; but the blade is one which cuts down together all, under whatever name, who are either unable to recognize the paramount claims of the actual Roman Church, or resolutely determined to repel them. While the abbé cannot understand—but I hope my reference to the Eastern Church may have advanced him at least one step towards understanding—how there can be a Ritualist, who is not a Romanist, so neither can he, in the same page (113), comprehend how there can be a Protestant who is not a rationalist. In both cases alike, he sees the fact, but he cannot unravel the question how it comes about. Into any of the specialities attaching to the name of Ritualist, or the name of Protestant, I will not enter. I pass by the men, and go to the case. The appeal which I wish to recognize, is really a broader one, on more open ground, in fresher air.

Es machte mir zu eng, ich musste fort.\*

It is an appeal to all the disobedient; and it summons them to repent and to obey. What the abbé does not understand is the fact presented rudely, but substantially, by the statistics I have cited: the incompatibility, be it for good or be it for evil, of the English mind with the Roman claims, and the system which those claims introduce. Now, to this system, whether under the name of Rome or of ritual, or whatever other name, I hold it perfectly certain that this nation will, at least until it has undergone an extensive moral as well as theological transformation, decline

to submit. And yet not on the ground which the abbé Martin, exhibiting herein a want of acquaintance with the state of opinion and feeling among us, appears to imagine. He thinks that the people of this country in general suppose the Roman Catholic religion to be "a tissue of error and iniquity" (pp. 117, 118). In this idea I believe he does them great injustice. Among the only admissible witnesses, namely, men thoughtful and trained, the great Latin Church as often perhaps receives more than justice, as less. In her vastness, in her continuity, and in the close cohesion of her clergy, she has great and telling advantages. These, let me add, are enhanced by the aspect of unity and standard of zeal which, in this country, existing as a small and marked sect, she exhibits even in her lay members. Beyond all doubt, partly as fact and partly as idea, she makes a most powerful appeal to the imagination, by the side of the little fenced-in "Anglican paddock," as Mr. Dowden has happily denominated the system which resulted from English action on Church matters in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Gregory VII., Innocent III., Thomas à Becket, are great and imposing figures to us all; but Archbishop Laud, who was the Gregory VII. or the Innocent III., or the Thomas à Becket, of our little paddock, seems to take hold of nobody's imagination, and has been set down by Macaulay before his millions of readers as an individual truly contemptible. Our bishops are indeed peers of Parliament; but they have as good as ceased to take part in its debates, except on matters relating to the paddock. Their incomes are carefully regulated by statute, and I believe most properly and becomingly laid out; but they do not partake much of the ideal, even in the sense in which the ideal may be recognized in the eighty and sixty thousand a year inherited at this day by some of the Austro-Sclavonian prelates from the Middle Ages. Luther, quarried out of the rock rather than shaped out of the marble, the Huguenots, the Puritans—these, among them, have taken up the imaginative sides of the great reforming movement. They exhibit all its poetry; Anglicanism shows little

\* Schiller's "Wallenstein."

but the prose of compromise and the *via media*. Crammer, notwithstanding his great position, and his latest moments on the heights of heroism, has never excited half the living human interest that has been given to Margaret Wilson, drowned at a stake by the advancing tide on the western coast of Scotland; as to whom Mr. Napier has lately shown it to be somewhat probable that she never was drowned, or otherwise "done to death," at all. This want of hold upon one of the great sovereign faculties of human nature has, I am persuaded, been a main cause why the English Church has been unable to retain some of her loftiest minds. She is a Church which makes a double appeal to the Catholic and to the Reformed traditions; but she exhibits each of them in shapes in which they are disowned by the more acknowledged representatives of the two respectively. Nor is this all. There has, it is manifest, been a rather marked tendency to Erastianism in the "Anglican paddock;" the natural result of the care which the State bestowed on fencing it, and the legitimate parent of a strong tendency to worldliness. This has been encouraged by historical events. The Puritans were ejected in 1662, and the Nonjurors after the Revolution. Without doubt, the bulk of those who remained were as conscientious as those who departed. But there is usually, almost inevitably, on such occasions, a worldly leaven, a more or less corrupt minority, that loves to abide where the "loaves and fishes" are to be had; and this minority lowers the average tone of the mass, in which it remains. The Puritan and the Nonjuring clergies were alike in this, that they carried with them a very small laity, and a portion relatively large of the zeal, and love, and faith, which are the life of a church.

But there are other reasons which seem, on one side at least, to blunt the sword of controversy. We think ourselves to be great lovers of historic truth. Partly by our origin, partly by our institutions, partly by our habits, we are bound to its service; chained, as it were, to its car, whether we will or no. So that, even if we break the chain, we drag the fragment; it entangles all our movements; we have not the undisturbed complacency, the tripping step, of those who settle every debate as the old Neapolitan police, when they tapped a man on the shoulder and apprehended him, met his inquiries for a cause with the conclusive reply: "*Per ordine superiore.*"

No country, again, has produced more

temperate reasoners than this country. Witness Richard Hooker, witness Bishop Butler; I add a third, not unworthy to be named with them for learning and for love, Bishop Forbes of Edinburgh, the author of the "*Considerationes Modestæ.*" Nor, I believe, has any country produced a greater number of henotic writers; the theological peacemakers, who, hoping against hope, have striven, by charitable corrections, and favorable interpretations, to close the breaches of Christendom. It is true, indeed, that we have also to this day a section of almost fanatical combatants against the Church of Rome, and everything in which they can trace a resemblance to it. But their productions are supposed to pass with unusual despatch into the waste-paper basket, and it may truly be said of that Church that, in this country at least, she is even more happy in her extremest adversaries, than in her friends.

In point of fact this servitude, a noble servitude so far as it is realized, to historic truth, is what I cannot bring myself even to stigmatize as inconvenient, if we measure convenience largely, and by eventual results. However this may stand, without doubt the general habit of mind, encouraged by the causes I have named, derives a more direct encouragement from the spirit of the Christian religion such as we profess it. For it is undoubtedly a spirit of examination; even as the spirit inculcated, and generally prevailing, in the Latin communion is a spirit of acquiescence. And here it is that the conditions of any discussion with one in the position of the abbé come into such violent discrepancy on the two sides respectively, that I can hardly hope to convey with any fulness or clearness to his mind what is the point of view from which, according to our national habits of thought, his position is regarded. If two men meet in argument, one of them desirous to measure fully and accurately the points of strength and weakness on both sides, but especially the points of weakness on his own, and the other with an equal honesty of intention, but with a mental habit formed and hardened under influences which forbid not only any condemnation but even any critical scrutiny of the system he belongs to, they can have no common measure of truth, no means of comprehending one another. They are like men, neither of whom understands the language spoken by his adversary. My countrymen in general will I think give their full and final adhesion only to a method which bends

submissively to all historic evidence; which handles that evidence in the domain of Church history on the same principles as in any other domain; and which has for its aim nothing else than this, to come at the clear and entire truth, without fear or favor. And there is need of a disposition of this kind. In every religious body without exception, there forms itself a special tradition; an atmosphere, in which its members habitually live and breathe, and according to which all their ideas arrange and shape themselves. In every case, and not alone in the Roman case, this tradition lapses and slides far away from the truth of history. For it is not formed upon facts alone, but upon passions, sympathies, prepossessions: it is the offspring of man's promiscuous nature, and not only of the faculties given him for searching out the truth; and it is matter of much difficulty, even where no authoritative inhibition intervenes, to get out of the mist and the dusk which this tradition sheds around us, and to look at the face of things as they are in themselves, and after they have been stripped of their spurious integument.

Now the first consequence of such a resolute method of proceeding is one unpalatable to every sincere controversialist. He must stoop to the effort of making admissions. I will proceed to make one. Believing the general enterprise of Roman propagandism to be hopeless throughout Great Britain, I nevertheless can also believe that, between the bold and confident assumptions of the Latin Church, the shock given to many minds through the sceptical movement, and the real faults and shortcomings easy enough to be discerned in the Church reformed after the Anglican fashion as well as in every other Church, the Roman fishermen will from time to time gather a handful of fish into their net.

The matter of those faults and shortcomings requires a more detailed notice in one branch. Abuses properly so called, that is to say, corrupt defections from the acknowledged standard, have in no Church been more rife and rank, than they were in the Church of England for several generations. But these are in a great degree things of the past; they are generally and strongly renounced, at any rate, by the clergy, in spite of whom they exist, so far as they exist at all. But the defects, other than mere abuses, have a deeper seat.

The Protestant, and the Anglican tradition of this country, in the sense in which

I recently described, starts from a position allowed by all, that the Christian Church in general had, in the course of time, fallen away in various particulars from its purity. This was the state of declension which prevailed until the sixteenth century. Then there came upon Christendom, initiated by the bravery of Luther, a powerful impulse, which passed into a mighty struggle. This conflict was carried on through many years, with many vicissitudes. But it resulted in a new state of things. On the one side, there remained the Latin Church with its dogma generally unchanged, but with many current opinions and practices hardened into dogma. On the other side stood a variety of Protestant or Reformed communions, differing it is true on several points among themselves, but differing more profoundly or more sensibly, or both, from the great Latin communion which had rejected, or had been rejected by, them. Speaking roughly, there were now set up in western Christendom two systems of doctrine, discipline, and ritual, instead of one: issue had been joined on a multitude of points, and upon all of them where the controversy lay between reformed and unreformed, the second, according to the Protestant tradition as I have described it, was simply wrong, and the first simply right. The Reformers were regarded, not indeed as inspired, but as those who had displaced a false system, and either devised or replaced a true one, in such a sense that it was obligatory, or wise at the very least, to follow them in each and every point as they had delivered it, under pain of impeachment for disloyalty. There was a kind of latent reserve on behalf of those who wished to go beyond the Reformers, though this reserve was again subjected to reservation, and was not held to shelter Unitarians. But for such as fell short of the Reformers, there was no mercy. To adhere to the Gospel in its republication was a duty, as much as to have adhered to it in the form of its original publication. The new system was to be reasoned from, not reasoned on. Private judgment was legitimate, if it resulted in accepting on trial the conclusions of a particular time and crisis; but the lawfulness of its exercise was conditional upon its thinking generally as the Reformers thought, and in each country as the Reformers of that particular country thought.

In England, it had so happened that the Reformation period, popularly thus called, had left the Church of the land in a state of inward conflict between two schools,

alike determined in rejecting the jurisdiction of Rome, and various other matters along with it, but seriously differing on sacramental doctrines, on the nature and government of the Church, and generally on their relation to the framework of the old religion apart from the more recent Roman peculiarities. It was not for a hundred years, namely, not until 1661, that this feud was brought to a decisive issue by the final triumph of the historical or traditional school, which has commonly been called Anglican, and which is represented in the phrase of the "Anglican paddock." The framers of the scheme then settled were really the final Reformers of the Church of England. But, in the thought and language of the Protestant tradition, they were believed to savor somewhat of reaction; and never took the benefit of that peculiar authority, above the natural though below the supernatural, above the patristic, though below the apostolic, which the Protestant tradition ascribed to the Reformers. But, though their authority may be little recognized in the abstract, it is beyond doubt that, through the medium of the Common Prayer Book they have operated very powerfully on the religious mind of those within the pale of the Anglican Church, and have helped to lift it some would say above, and others would say away from, the true Reformation standard. In the main, however, it is the body of ideas evolved in the sixteenth century, as accepted in England, which has been the treasure, it may even be said the idol, of our "Protestant tradition;" and has been popularly deemed to hold a place beyond the reach of ordinary criticism. This conception, however, is now very widely felt to be one which it is difficult for the philosopher to conceive, or for the reasoner to defend.

It is a serious matter to shake any tradition established with regard to religion. For the invisible world contends against the visible at many and terrible disadvantages, and gets so much less than fair play in the general competition, that there should be much tenderness and caution about shaking any part of the ground it actually holds. But such motives, though they recommend care and forbidding precipitancy, cannot establish a standing law in derogation of historic truth; and it is the attempt so to derogate which may often generate the most violent and dangerous reactions. The English mind, under the guidance of liberty,

has found it impossible to justify the practice of looking at the Reformation as if it had been a revelation. We cannot be bound even to approve all the proceedings of the primitive Church in its dealings with the heathen world. Much less can we suppose that in the civil wars of Christianity, the conduct of either side had a monopoly of virtue, or its thought of religious truth. It does not follow that the work of the sixteenth century is to be hastily or harshly judged. Its case before the court, so to speak, of posterity is like that of the men of Magna Charta, of the Revolution of 1688, or of the Reform Act. All of these are recognized as signal public benefactors; but none of them are exempt from criticism, or even censure, in the points where it may be found that their workmanship has been defective. But as the passions attending those great political epochs were less fierce, violent, and subtle than those of the Reformation, and again as the business of the Reformation was one far more complex and difficult to deal with, we must be prepared in its case to find, without astonishment, more excesses and more failures mixed with the details of a great and immortal performance. And, when we find them, we must estimate them with judicial calm, but with historic freedom.

The mental and moral upheaving, both of nations and of individuals, at the date of the Reformation was an effort such as civilized man had never before been called upon to make. For Christianity, from its origin, wound itself but slowly into the body of society. And, although the early controversies, such as those of the fourth century, went much nearer the foundations of the faith, they were carried on (so to speak) in the scientific region, and did not greatly enter into the moulding of ordinary life and character. But the struggle of the Reformation was not confined to the mental and moral sphere. At every point, it was prosecuted or repressed by the axe and the stake, by sword and cannon. When reason and feeling were thus fiercely and inextricably blended with "blood and fire, and vapor of smoke,"\* it was impossible that the action of mind could be normal and duly measured, or that its results should come forth without bearing upon them the marks of the agony and convulsion of their birth. To treat the particular tenets of the Reformation one by one, and the verbal forms in which they are expressed, as purely scientific products of



human thought, is contrary to all the lessons of history, to the whole analogy of our nature. The circumstances of the Reformation as a great uprising in vindication of human right, and as a manful protest against corruptions now admitted and lamented by every candid man, gave it a great authority, in the philosophic sense of that word; but this was in its broad outlines and in the main scope of its moral purposes, and cannot be shown to ramify and descend equably into the detail of all its processes.

Of this we have a marked example, as I think, in the doctrine of justification. For Luther, it was the note and test of life or death, the *articulus stantis aut cadentis ecclesie*. Yet the Anglican Church seems to have steered amidst these troubled waters clear of all the difficulty. Some may think it requires a strong appetite for controversy to detect a radical incompatibility between the Anglican article on this subject and the Tridentine teaching in its positive part.\* The complementary doctrine of assurance, so widely taught on the Continent as a thing necessary for the Christian, has never at any time been sanctioned by the Church of England. The "*Considerationes Modestæ*" of Bishop Forbes present abundant materials for a view of the controversy of justification; and that work, together with the "*Symbolik*" of Möhler, written from the opposite side, appears to supply all that reasonable minds can require in order to close the contest.† Accordingly, the divines, who met at Bonn in 1874, do not seem to have encountered much difficulty in the composition of a reconciling formula, which has not, so far as I have learned, given cause for any scandal in this country.

There were other points, at which partisanship has left its mark, if not on the body of doctrine formulated in the sixteenth century, yet on the Protestant tradition, which is for the greater number of minds its living representative. The strong and just reaction from the purgatorial system, prevailing in the Latin Church of the period, went far to account for, and even excuse, that stark and rigid conception of the effect of death on the state of the human being, which led to an abandonment of the uniform practice of the earliest ages of the Church, as testified by the liturgies, in the commendation of the faithful departed to God, for an increase of their rest and peace. But what

caused, nay even what might excuse, the violence thus done to nature, as well as to religion, did not frustrate its mischievous effects in narrowing the range of Christian sympathies, and establishing an anomaly in the general doctrine of prayer. With the obscuration of an universal tradition there came, indeed, manifold confusions of doctrine: the final judgment, with its solemn import, seemed to have no place left for it, when the intermediate state of souls had been reduced almost to a cipher. Worst of all, the new standard appeared to be in hopeless conflict with the widest experience: for it implied that the entire work of discipline was in every case fully accomplished on this side the grave; that every soul passed away into the unseen in a state of ripeness for a final destiny of bliss or woe. But violence begets violence. Within the last twenty years a reaction has arisen, under the force of which a crowd of Protestants, and even many who deem themselves to be of the cream of Protestantism, have adopted ideas of trial and purgation beyond the grave, which vastly exceed in latitude anything ever taught by the Church of Rome.

Again, if it be true that, in the current doctrine and practice of the eucharist, the sacrificial idea had, before the Reformation, and not for the best purposes, been allowed to assume an undue and enormous predominance over that of communion, it came, in the course of controversy, to be so depressed on the Protestant side, that it was almost effaced from the common mind. This could hardly be done without a serious dislocation of the historical relations between that great sacrament and its historic types. Nor, again, without seriously lowering the general conception of Christian life and worship as a true sacrifice to God, which had the eucharistic sacrifice for its central point. St. Paul seems to lift upward the whole fabric of Christian observance, when he exhorts the faithful to present their bodies a living sacrifice unto God, which, he says, is "your reasonable service."‡ And, if so, whatever tends to impair the efficacy of that idea, tends in like degree to lower the Christian obedience from the level of the filial, towards that of the servile, standard.

A fourth point, in which the general interest of Christian truth took damage from the course of the controversy, related to the authority of Holy Scripture. Exaltation in the recovered access of the

\* Art. xi. Conc. Trid. Sessio vi., capp. viii., ix.

† Bishop Forbes' *Consid. Modest.*, Books 1-5; and Möhler's *Symbolik*, l. 1-3.

‡ Rom. xii. 1; cf. 1 Pet. ii. 5.



people to the Divine Word concurred with the jealousy of it exhibited on the Roman side to heighten our conception of its exalted function under the economy of the Gospel. The bald announcement of a co-ordinate authority in dogmatic traditions, exterior to the sacred volume,\* the wide door thus laid open to arbitrary assertion, and the unlimited use made of Church authority against human freedom, provoked the reforming parties into the total rejection of that authority, and the substitution of the invisible for the visible Church. It thus became alike a logical and practical necessity to lay upon Scripture the entire stress of defining and proving itself, and to hold the Almighty pledged as it were to every letter forming part of its *corpus*, with a particularity and rigor hardly known to former ages. It has become long since evident that this was a straining of the truth; and that the superstition thus engendered might, when it wore out and disappeared, make room for scepticism. It can hardly be doubted that the Christian world is, in our day, suffering seriously from this cause. Diminishing, by an arbitrary process, the aggregate of testimony which the wisdom of God had supplied for the establishment and determination of the Gospel, and finding the stock, when thus diminished, to be insufficient, we impeach the revelation itself for a want, which is due only to our own improvidence.

This great and menacing mischief was inherent in the course of the foreign, much more than of the Anglican, Reformation. But another evil was an especial growth of the movement as it shaped itself in England. The popedom was, after the rupture had been consummated through the folly of Pope Pius V., virtually effaced from the national Christianity. So serious a void there was a temptation, perhaps a necessity, to fill; and through the force of events, more than any formal declaration, it was filled in the main by the sovereign. This was a result extremely adverse to civil freedom. It further heightened that excess of regal power, which had already marked the Tudor period. The doctrines of divine right, and of passive obedience, took deep root in England; and they were peculiarly the growth of the English Reformation. The strength of the crown had, indeed, in many respects eased the religious process; and the ill effects in this department were greatly mitigated by the sagacity of "great Elizabeth," and by

an undoubted sincerity of attachment to the Church in the two first sovereigns of the Stuart line. But, on the whole, the tendency of the exaggeration I have noted was to depress spiritual life and energy, and to promote and perpetuate a civil intolerance, which the marked theological moderation of the Church of England would of itself have greatly discouraged.

Now, I would warn the abbé Martin—the repeated recurrence of whose name in this paper I trust will not offend, as it is rather typical than personal—that he will not on all hands receive the benefit of such admissions as have here been made. Many among us will demur to them on their merits, many more out of deference to tradition, *videlicet*, the current popular tradition. Some will probably go so far as to censure any writer, by whom they are made. But doubt, says Dante (*Parad.* iv. 130), nestles at the root of truth, and no lesson more profound is to be learned among the many that have proceeded from that great and royal teacher. To tradition, as the witness of history, the highest regard is due. Tradition, as the floating opinion of a sect or party, has only a presumptive title to respect even among the members of that sect or party, and cannot be pleaded against a serious investigator, like a privileged communication in an English court of justice.

Again, Abbé Martin may find rained down upon him in abundance, as reproaches, in answer to his inquiry, all those accretions to the Christian faith, partly in the current usages and tradition of his Church, partly in its more authoritative documents, which have been urged by our controversialists with much power, at the various periods when they have seriously drawn the sword of controversy. This ground I leave to professional combatants. I waive, therefore, much advantage, and rather desire to make every possible admission; in the belief that, for the time in which we live, the ultimate issues of discussion will be mainly governed, not by the topics which the propagandist loves, and which he uses in individual cases with great effect, but by those which take a broader grasp of the general reason of mankind. At the same time, while I shall speak of the Roman Church in Roman Catholic countries, on the other side I limit myself to English ground; for I do not feel myself possessed of that acquaintance with the entire case, as it stands in Protestant lands abroad, which is necessary to warrant the degree of pretension implied in the very act of making any contribution

\* Perrone, De Loc. Theol., pars ii., sect. ii. 1.

to a public discussion. The religion of each side I take where it is the prevalent religion; for where it represents but a handful, the comparison is vitiated by exceptional, and therefore misleading particulars.

Admitting, then, for argument's sake, that certain conceptions, material to a largely developed Christianity, have been impaired or curtailed, and consenting to pass by the countervailing inquiry whether our common religion has not on the other side suffered more deeply from exaggerations which practically mutilate, I take the case at the worst, and I compare the condition of Christian belief, as such, in the great Latin communion with what it is, for example, in England. I will not rely upon the case of the respective clergies, which we may safely take to be, as a general rule, firm in the faith which they profess. Yet I cannot dismiss their case without a remark. In the Roman Church, they are a body trained from an early age, in jealous and careful severance from the laity. In adult life, this severance continues; so that belief among the clergy tells us nothing as to belief among the educated laity. In England, as also in the Eastern Churches, the clergyman is everywhere a citizen, and everywhere (I include our Nonconformists) in sympathy either with all or many of the educated laity; so that here the general fidelity of the priesthood or ministry does tell us a great deal as to the existence of belief among the educated laity. Nor will it be disputed that the state of belief among those of the general community, who have received the highest instruction, is likely in the course of time, perhaps to determine, at any rate largely and vitally to affect, the belief of the mass.

I suppose it too, to be undisputed that, in the early, though not in the earliest days of the mediæval culture, a strong spirit of reaction against faith asserted its place in the contemporary literature; that is to say, in the permanent, incorporated thought of man for the period. This spirit, mainly known by its relation to the Renaissance of the fifteenth century, I shall describe by the name of paganism. And for one most signal manifestation of it I go back to the middle of the fourteenth, and to the "*Decamerone*" of Boccaccio; a work which has undoubtedly become part of the literary inheritance of mankind through all generations. This production is saturated from top to toe with the pagan spirit. Many a book composed with the direct intention of assailing dogmatic relig-

ion, is far less profoundly estranged from it than the "*Decameron*." I do not now speak mainly of its indecencies: partly because there has been a change in the general tone, if not the framework of ideas, which makes an exact judgment on the point difficult: partly because that offence has been committed by others, who have left evidence of a strong spirit of Christian belief and feeling, such as Margaret, queen of Navarre, has given in her very beautiful verses, "*Qui veut être vrai Chrétien*." The profound paganism of the "*Decamerone*," again, is not principally to be proved by its merciless exhibition of corruption among the priests, monks, and nuns; although the chastisement is couched in a tone as different as possible from that of a reformer. It seems as though it was their being specially bound to the exhibition of the great anti-pagan system, which, instead of exciting grave sorrow and shame, gave zest and intensity to the pleasure of the author in exposing their worldly and fleshly vices. But it is the entire strain, the atmosphere, nay, the very basis of the work, which is pagan, and ultra-pagan. It lies in the exhibition of dissolute life, upon Epicurean principles, as the proper and natural refuge of the very choicest spirits in Florentine society, women as well as men, from the horrors, and from the solemn duties, brought to their doors by the black death of the period. This revival of the *carpe diem*\* as the guide of human life, close to the headquarters of Latin Christianity, is the more remarkable, because the book makes no attack on speculative belief. It was truly a fact in the life of the country of its birth, and of its own and the following generations, such in magnitude and moment as to have no parallel, for the purpose of the present argument, in literary history. It was a national event. It entered into the business of States, and the circle of diplomacy. Produced close to the central seat of Latin Christianity, it became the subject of one or more embassies to Rome from Florence. Under Paul IV. and Pius IV. it was in the *Index Prohibitorum Librorum*; but in 1573, under Gregory XIII., it was published at Florence, with express approval from the Roman Inquisition, and with a brief from the pope, which granted the copyright to the publishers, and excommunicated all who

\* Admirably described in the preface to the new edition of Maçon's (1545) translation. Paris: Liseux. 1878. The subsequent regret of Boccaccio, if established (see Ugo Foscolo's Discourse), will not affect the argument.

should anywhere infringe it, besides fining them heavily if in the Roman States. It had been corrected; but how? Mainly by the omission of one out of the hundred tales, and by the general omission of ecclesiastical personages, for whom schoolmasters and students were commonly substituted. This concession, which would be incredible if it were not indisputable, tells more than many a volume might be written to tell, of the strong and impregnable position which had been taken by paganism, at the very heart of the whole civilized and Christian world. Unhappily it would be quite easy to widen this illustration, though deepened it could not be; as, for example, by reference to the "*cauti carnascialeschi*" of the Medicean court, to the remarkable "Autobiography of Benvenuto Cellini," and to the now infamous, but then famous, person and works of Pietro Aretino, Knight of St. Peter by favor of Julius III.

When Christian morality had been to so great an extent shaken and displaced in the mind, and in the practice, of the educated and refined, we cannot be surprised at the violence with which, upon the wider introduction of the new studies from the East, the Christian dogma also was touched by the influence of Greek thought. If ever in the natural world a tempest was required to re-establish atmospheric equilibrium, the great earthquake of the Lutheran movement was needed to shake the very ground under the feet of the Roman court, to compel reflection, to revive religion, and to abash and overbear the interests opposed to disciplinary reform. In this sense I suppose it to be admitted by many members of the Roman Church that it was not only helped, but saved, by the Reformation. The reforms, however, which were accomplished by, and after, the Council of Trent, were confined to the ecclesiastical sphere, and did not exorcise the spirit of paganism. That scandal of scandals which I have set forth, the acceptance and commendation of the "*Decamerone*" from the Roman chair, was effected amidst the storm of religious war in France and in the Low Countries, and one year only after the same reigning pontiff had struck a medal, and ordered a thanksgiving, in honor of the Massacre of St. Bartholomew. As early, indeed, at least, as in the time of Dante, the severance of the supreme Christian teaching from Christian practice had come to be such, as to produce results highly significant of the future. The poet, than whom there had been no more profound believer, and per-

haps no greater spiritual writer, since the apostolic time, has described the court of Rome in terms which would have satisfied the highest transports of Luther; and gave tokens of attachment to human liberty sufficient to mark him as a dangerous man. In our own time, a devoted adherent of the popedom has published an elaborate work to prove him an heretic, as well as a revolutionist and a socialist.\* But the further lodgment of the enemy has not then been made within the precinct where was to dwell "a glorious church, not having spot or wrinkle;" even "the king's daughter, all glorious within," and having "her clothing of wrought gold." Made it was, and seemingly before another century had passed. To this day, he has never been dislodged. Nay more, he has enlarged his tents enormously; and it is no secret that among the educated men of France and Italy, with the exception of a few individuals, the Christian dogma has ceased to hold an authoritative sway over either intellect or life. It is not this or that tenet which they doubt: the whole basis has crumbled, the whole superstructure fallen to the ground; and what even in this day moves some of them when they come to England is, astonishment at the large number of believers. All minor assaults upon belief the Latin Church has indeed put down in her own precinct, with the same success as that which she achieved in defeating the reforms of Scipio Ricci and the synod of Pistoia, or in blasting the promise of Port Royal. Nothing can be more splendid than the external tokens of victory. Jansenism, and Josephism, and the *Petite Eglise* of France, before our time, and in our own day Hermesianism and the movement of Ronge, have gone the way of all flesh. It remains to see what will be the fate of the Old Catholicism of Germany, and of the sister associations elsewhere. But, while so many attacks have been repulsed, so many rebellions quelled, in detail, the foundations themselves have been sapped, and the educated thought of civilized man, in the countries of the Roman obedience, has broken, and to all appearance finally broken, with Christian belief.

Now it must be most instructive to compare, even in the rudest and briefest outline, the experience of the pagan movement in our own country with its history abroad. I say in our own country, for the abbé Martin's appeal is to us, whom he

\* *Dante Héritique, Révolutionnaire, et Socialiste.* Par E. Aroux, Ancien Député. Paris, 1855.

seeks to draw out of our churchless, shelterless condition, into the shelter he so much enjoys. But many of us doubt whether we are quite so churchless, and still more of us whether we are quite so shelterless, as he supposes.

The rebellion of paganism against the faith was felt throughout western Europe. It was a barometrical indication of the condition of a moral atmosphere, which overspread all Christendom, and pervaded its essentially common life. England was an early recipient of the Greek studies in her two universities; and the close connection of her rising literature with Italy ensured her sharing largely in all the impulses which had convulsed or touched the mother country of our civilization. The marks not only of Italy, but of Boccaccio, are stamped upon English letters from Chaucer onwards. But Chaucer exhibits neither the moral foulness, nor that deep underlying of the pagan spirit, which marks the great Italian novelist. His "goodman of religion," is purely and strongly Christian:

The love of Christ, and his apostles twelve,  
He taught; but first he followed it himself.

One of the very sweetest and most perfect of Christian poems is "The Merle and the Nightingale," by Dunbar. If it be said that this difference was national and not religious, it has also to be replied that England was distinguished from Italy between the thirteenth and the sixteenth centuries, first by a doctrinal reaction among a portion of the people, which found vent in Wiclif and in Lollardism; secondly, by that strong and truly national reaction against the court and see of Rome, which touched its climax in the proceedings of the reign of Henry VIII. So much for the first stage in the history of the Italian paganism.

The second stage was that, which it reached under the influence of the classical Renaissance. And here I suppose, that the British analogue to the Italian manifestation of the sixteenth century is to be found in the Elizabethan literature, the terrene spirit of which has been very powerfully described by Mr. Dowden in his remarkable works on Shakespeare. Let us estimate that literature first in its prince. Shakespeare undoubtedly exhibits a strong reaction against the transcendental spiritualism of the Middle Ages. It is hard to measure the distance between his mental attitude and that of Thomas à Kempis, or even that of Dante, who was, outwardly at least, a man of the world, a practical politician and partisan. The

mediæval Church, or rather that part of it which aimed at fidelity to its mission, in its anxiety to keep religion pure and lofty, had set a gulf between it and the rude common life. Its idea was lofty; but it was not the idea of training the human being in every faculty and for every function of the present existence as the normal means of preparing him for a remoter future. Mary it followed; but Martha, who of necessity must be more typical of the mass of Christians, it rather proscribed. The conditions of earthly existence were renounced, rather than sanctified, in the religious ideal. In order to the eventual re-establishment of the balance between the worlds, there required to be a strong reassertion, not only of the reality of this world and of life in it, but of their legitimacy. They, and not the cloister, were the school, in which the Almighty had appointed his children to be taught and reared. Hence came, as the grand characteristic of our Elizabethan age, what Mr. Dowden calls "devotion to the fact," "attainment of the fact," "rich feeling for positive, concrete fact." \* In this reaching out with one arm, so to speak, of our nature over the whole terrestrial domain, there was a real widening of the scope of life; and if we look back impartially to the history of that great period, it seems difficult to deny that there was also a great accession of new human energy to the pre-existing stock. It was the office of the other arm to embrace the unseen life; and probably this grasp was weakened for the time. It could hardly be but that, as in all human reactions, the function restored should trespass on the province of the function previously in too exclusive possession. We need not then be surprised that the works of Shakespeare, as a whole, bear a somewhat worldly aspect; that in their exhibition of human nature, entirely unrivalled in all literature for largeness and variety, with depth, so small a portion should be seen on the side lying heavenward; that saintship, where it appears in Henry VI., is emasculated and incoherent; that not only in our early plays, such as "Romeo and Juliet," but in the later and greater works, "Macbeth," "Othello," "Hamlet," "Lear," the deep problems of our life and duty are handled upon a basis which is but negatively Christian. This is the more noteworthy, because a multitude of passages exhibit Shakespeare as an undoubting believer. But religion had been wrenched

\* Dowden's *Mind and Art of Shakespeare*, pp. 18, 19, 23.



should anywhere infringe it, besides fining them heavily if in the Roman States. It had been corrected; but how? Mainly by the omission of one out of the hundred tales, and by the general omission of ecclesiastical personages, for whom schoolmasters and students were commonly substituted. This concession, which would be incredible if it were not indisputable, tells more than many a volume might be written to tell, of the strong and impregnable position which had been taken by paganism, at the very heart of the whole civilized and Christian world. Unhappily it would be quite easy to widen this illustration, though deepened it could not be; as, for example, by reference to the "*cauti carnascialeschi*" of the Medicean court, to the remarkable "Autobiography of Benvenuto Cellini," and to the now infamous, but then famous, person and works of Pietro Aretino, Knight of St. Peter by favor of Julius III.

When Christian morality had been to so great an extent shaken and displaced in the mind, and in the practice, of the educated and refined, we cannot be surprised at the violence with which, upon the wider introduction of the new studies from the East, the Christian dogma also was touched by the influence of Greek thought. If ever in the natural world a tempest was required to re-establish atmospheric equilibrium, the great earthquake of the Lutheran movement was needed to shake the very ground under the feet of the Roman court, to compel reflection, to revive religion, and to abash and overbear the interests opposed to disciplinary reform. In this sense I suppose it to be admitted by many members of the Roman Church that it was not only helped, but saved, by the Reformation. The reforms, however, which were accomplished by, and after, the Council of Trent, were confined to the ecclesiastical sphere, and did not exorcise the spirit of paganism. That scandal of scandals which I have set forth, the acceptance and commendation of the "*Decamerone*" from the Roman chair, was effected amidst the storm of religious war in France and in the Low Countries, and one year only after the same reigning pontiff had struck a medal, and ordered a thanksgiving, in honor of the Massacre of St. Bartholomew. As early, indeed, at least, as in the time of Dante, the severance of the supreme Christian teaching from Christian practice had come to be such, as to produce results highly significant of the future. The poet, than whom there had been no more profound believer, and per-

haps no greater spiritual writer, since the apostolic time, has described the court of Rome in terms which would have satisfied the highest transports of Luther; and gave tokens of attachment to human liberty sufficient to mark him as a dangerous man. In our own time, a devoted adherent of the popedom has published an elaborate work to prove him an heretic, as well as a revolutionist and a socialist.\* But the further lodgment of the enemy has not then been made within the precinct where was to dwell "a glorious church, not having spot or wrinkle;" even "the king's daughter, all glorious within," and having "her clothing of wrought gold." Made it was, and seemingly before another century had passed. To this day, he has never been dislodged. Nay more, he has enlarged his tents enormously; and it is no secret that among the educated men of France and Italy, with the exception of a few individuals, the Christian dogma has ceased to hold an authoritative sway over either intellect or life. It is not this or that tenet which they doubt: the whole basis has crumbled, the whole superstructure fallen to the ground; and what even in this day moves some of them when they come to England is, astonishment at the large number of believers. All minor assaults upon belief the Latin Church has indeed put down in her own precinct, with the same success as that which she achieved in defeating the reforms of Scipio Ricci and the synod of Pistoia, or in blasting the promise of Port Royal. Nothing can be more splendid than the external tokens of victory. Jansenism, and Josephism, and the *Petite Eglise* of France, before our time, and in our own day Hermetism and the movement of Ronge, have gone the way of all flesh. It remains to see what will be the fate of the Old Catholicism of Germany, and of the sister associations elsewhere. But, while so many attacks have been repulsed, so many rebellions quelled, in detail, the foundations themselves have been sapped, and the educated thought of civilized man, in the countries of the Roman obedience, has broken, and to all appearance finally broken, with Christian belief.

Now it must be most instructive to compare, even in the rudest and briefest outline, the experience of the pagan movement in our own country with its history abroad. I say in our own country, for the abbé Martin's appeal is to us, whom he

\* *Dante Hérétique, Révolutionnaire, et Socialiste.* Par E. Aroux, Ancien Député. Paris, 1855.



seeks to draw out of our churchless, shelterless condition, into the shelter he so much enjoys. But many of us doubt whether we are quite so churchless, and still more of us whether we are quite so shelterless, as he supposes.

The rebellion of paganism against the faith was felt throughout western Europe. It was a barometrical indication of the condition of a moral atmosphere, which over-spread all Christendom, and pervaded its essentially common life. England was an early recipient of the Greek studies in her two universities; and the close connection of her rising literature with Italy ensured her sharing largely in all the impulses which had convulsed or touched the mother country of our civilization. The marks not only of Italy, but of Boccaccio, are stamped upon English letters from Chaucer onwards. But Chaucer exhibits neither the moral foulness, nor that deep underlying of the pagan spirit, which marks the great Italian novelist. His "goodman of religion," is purely and strongly Christian:

The love of Christ, and his apostles twelve,  
He taught; but first he followed it himself.

One of the very sweetest and most perfect of Christian poems is "The Merle and the Nightingale," by Dunbar. If it be said that this difference was national and not religious, it has also to be replied that England was distinguished from Italy between the thirteenth and the sixteenth centuries, first by a doctrinal reaction among a portion of the people, which found vent in Wiclif and in Lollardism; secondly, by that strong and truly national reaction against the court and see of Rome, which touched its climax in the proceedings of the reign of Henry VIII. So much for the first stage in the history of the Italian paganism.

The second stage was that, which it reached under the influence of the classical Renaissance. And here I suppose, that the British analogue to the Italian manifestation of the sixteenth century is to be found in the Elizabethan literature, the terrene spirit of which has been very powerfully described by Mr. Dowden in his remarkable works on Shakespeare. Let us estimate that literature first in its prince. Shakespeare undoubtedly exhibits a strong reaction against the transcendental spiritualism of the Middle Ages. It is hard to measure the distance between his mental attitude and that of Thomas à Kempis, or even that of Dante, who was, outwardly at least, a man of the world, a practical politician and partisan. The

mediaeval Church, or rather that part of it which aimed at fidelity to its mission, in its anxiety to keep religion pure and lofty, had set a gulf between it and the rude common life. Its idea was lofty; but it was not the idea of training the human being in every faculty and for every function of the present existence as the normal means of preparing him for a remoter future. Mary it followed; but Martha, who of necessity must be more typical of the mass of Christians, it rather proscribed. The conditions of earthly existence were renounced, rather than sanctified, in the religious ideal. In order to the eventual re-establishment of the balance between the worlds, there required to be a strong reassertion, not only of the reality of this world and of life in it, but of their legitimacy. They, and not the cloister, were the school, in which the Almighty had appointed his children to be taught and reared. Hence came, as the grand characteristic of our Elizabethan age, what Mr. Dowden calls "devotion to the fact," "attainment of the fact," "rich feeling for positive, concrete fact." \* In this reaching out with one arm, so to speak, of our nature over the whole terrestrial domain, there was a real widening of the scope of life; and if we look back impartially to the history of that great period, it seems difficult to deny that there was also a great accession of new human energy to the pre-existing stock. It was the office of the other arm to embrace the unseen life; and probably this grasp was weakened for the time. It could hardly be but that, as in all human reactions, the function restored should trespass on the province of the function previously in too exclusive possession. We need not then be surprised that the works of Shakespeare, as a whole, bear a somewhat worldly aspect; that in their exhibition of human nature, entirely unrivalled in all literature for largeness and variety, with depth, so small a portion should be seen on the side lying heavenward; that saintship, where it appears in Henry VI., is emasculated and incoherent; that not only in our early plays, such as "Romeo and Juliet," but in the later and greater works, "Macbeth," "Othello," "Hamlet," "Lear," the deep problems of our life and duty are handled upon a basis which is but negatively Christian. This is the more noteworthy, because a multitude of passages exhibit Shakespeare as an undoubting believer. But religion had been wrenched

\* Dowden's *Mind and Art of Shakespeare*, pp. 18, 19, 23.

away from life; and life, in its recoil, busied with the gathering of all its energies, had not recovered the key to its own harmony with religion. I have endeavored here not to understate the charge, which a Beatrice might be warranted in making against our Elizabethan age. But when we compare the English "paganism," as exhibited in Shakespeare, with the Italian paganism, hardened into an Epicurean creed and sanctioned by the Roman court, or teaching with the very same pen, as in the "divine" Aretino, the vilest profligacy and the most orthodox theology, or even as it is exhibited in the splendid poetry of Bojardo and Ariosto, I cannot but think that, in fidelity to history and the fact, we must allow that the comparison is favorable, as far as it goes, both to England and to the Reformation.

Mr. Dowden has chosen with great judgment four names as being together typical of the Elizabethan age in letters: Shakespeare, Bacon, Spenser, Hooker. The magnificent intellect of Bacon is held by Mr. Dowden to have been profoundly indifferent to religion. Is this truly so? I do not presume to deny that in Bacon's character "the world that now is" weighed for more than "that which is to come." But I would appeal with some confidence to his account, for example, of the fall of man, as a proof that he rendered a solid faith and fealty to the Christian dogma. As for Spenser, it is surely notable that, forming himself as he did upon the poets of the Italian romance, he utterly renounced their uncleanness, and, as it were, "passed by on the other side." More still is it to be noted that, while far from being the most robust of the band, Spenser is the one who seems to have taken the best aim at the literary restoration of a true theory of life. All virtue, all duty, all activeness of the human character, are set out by him, under the forms of chivalry, for our instruction; but his ideal knight is Christian to the core.

And on his breast a bloody cross he bore,

The dear remembrance of his dying Lord,  
For whose sweet sake that glorious badge he wore,

And, dead as living, ever him adored.\*

Nor was Hooker less a restorer than his great compeers. For was it not given to him to recall our theology from the hungry region of mere polemics to that of positive and fruitful truth, and to become the father of a long line of divines, reared undoubt-

edly in the mere Anglican paddock, yet not without name and honor in the wide pastures of the Christian world?

I know not whether the Abbé Martin will recognize the relevancy of a discussion of this kind. He may think it *ἀποδόκιμον*; far from the mark. I admit that it fetches a compass; but this is what frequently, in strategy, hems in the adversary with a zone of iron. The case, I think, may be thus exhibited. Religion lives in various forms; but it has to a great extent the same evils to contend with. These evils are failure in the law of human duty, and failure in the Christian dogma, without which dogma, as Christians believe, the laws of human duty cannot on a large scale be maintained. Obviously our controversies would be solved, could we see plainly in which of its rival forms our religion dealt with these foes most effectually. But then comparison of the dogma is the polemical business, which in this paper has been waived. Comparison of the morality, on an adequate scale, of the countries of the Latin Church and the countries of the Reformed communions would be most instructive; but the facts are so manifold and complex, as to defy reduction to a simple issue. It is something, then, gained towards the establishment of truth, if we can obtain hints for tracing the intellectual history of these countries respectively, in its relation to religion. Such a hint I have sought to supply by exhibiting the effect upon the two systems, or upon the two frames of mind, of the great paganizing movement dating about the close of the Middle Age. We might find here something that may faintly resemble the parables of our Lord, and their adaptedness for public instruction; wherein the truth (as I think Whately observes) is perceived before its application to contending parties has come into view. Upon the whole I believe, that a continuation of the inquiry into the lay literature of the respective countries down to our own day would tell the same very significant story; and would show that, with all our faults, which are countless, yet, taken at large, religion has dealt and deals more hopefully with the great anti-dogmatic movements here in England, than in the lands of the Papal Church. Suppose, for example, that we bring into the field Tasso on the one side, and Milton on the other. Undoubtedly the chief work of Tasso rests upon a basis of Christian facts; yet it may be doubted whether the Christianity of Milton, as exhibited in his works, with all its errors or offences, had not in it far more

\* Faerie Queene, i. 2.

of the character of a living operative power, holding the allegiance of heart and will. Again, while in the last century, the Voltairian torrent carried away the mind of France, the three most prominent contemporary names in English literature, those of Johnson, Burke, and Richardson, were eminently Christian. At a later period we can point to at least four great contemporary poets, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Southey, and Scott, none of them professional \* or theological, but all decidedly Christian. It might be difficult to find a parallel within the Roman pale. Men such as these, it must be remembered, are fountain-heads of thought, moulders and makers of the generations yet to come;

Poets, whose thoughts enrich the blood o' the world.†

At the present moment, indeed, belief in the revelation of the unseen is undergoing, here as elsewhere, a shock which is without parallel, at least in the history of this country, for the activity of its manifestations; and is suffering a sharp retribution for all the errors of all its professors. But it remains to be seen whether what we witness is a structural change, like those which fill the record of geologic time, or whether it is the wave of a cyclone, which wastes and submerges, and is then itself re-absorbed. So it was with the unbelief which Bishop Butler described; so it may be again. It is, however, even now, my persuasion that, so far as men of mature life are concerned, there is exaggeration abroad, if not as to the world of physical science — which has not yet become the "mother and mistress of all the sciences" — yet as to the world of literature; still more as to the sphere of those professions, which are mainly conversant with human life and action, and which, as I cannot but think, must best prepare men to judge of any scheme, which has for its object the training of mankind.

But whatever modesty, whatever reserve the present rampancy of the non-believing movement may inspire, it will hardly prompt us to look to the Latin Church as invested with the reconciling mission between faith and the human reason. It is true that the central authority of that Church has recently pointed out another method of settling the difference. It proposes to effect the work by the simple action of authority: and this method, boldly

proclaimed, and well echoed through the world, may attract a fragmentary proportion even of English minds. The abbé Martin says (p. 132), "The fundamental principle of Catholic discipline is respect for authority;" and he calls on us to "understand very clearly" (p. 131) that those, who accept his invitation, must, "in religious matters, make an entire surrender of their personal liberty and of their own will."

Freedom, then, is quietly trodden under foot. Now, this is not a lawless country. It constantly excites the surprise of foreigners that, when revolution shakes or saps the Continent, authority sits undisturbed in England. But that, it will be said, is temporal authority. It is not temporal authority alone. Rely upon it, the acknowledgment of a law external to ourselves in things unseen is the absolute condition, under which alone authority can uphold itself in the sphere of the visible and tangible. But it is met by the counteracting play of liberty; met, yet not extinguished. Authority can only be defended by reason: it is a part of what reason sanctions and recommends. But there is no escape from this, that it must be tried by reason; as even the being of God, with reverence be it spoken, must be tried by reason. Tried by reason, under a great responsibility; but under no external coercion, either physical or moral. What the English mind demands, and will demand, is that the contest between belief and non-belief shall be fought out upon equal terms. This does not mean that human consent, that the tradition of ages, shall be cast aside as a thing of no account; but means that it shall be weighed, and account taken of its weight, by that faculty which God has made to be the very door of our matured minds, and through which alone lawful entrance into them can be had. The principle of authority, the fact of revelation, the stability and perpetuity of the catholic creed, all these, I trust, will remain firmly grounded among us; but they can only be maintained through a frank acceptance of the challenge to make good their claims by reason. This demand of the English mind has been met by the Roman Church with the allegation, that her head is infallible. But then we know that, until eight years ago, this very thing was freely denied by the highest authorities in her communion. She likewise asserts her universality; but does not this seem to be somewhat impaired by the fact that the Christians, who are not of her communion, are quite as

\* I do not think Coleridge's early function, as a preacher of a creed soon abandoned, requires me to qualify this epithet.

† Tennyson's *Princess*, ii.

numerous as those who are? She claims, too, a right to override the conclusions of science; but will candid reflection regard the plea as strong enough to stand the shock of hard and concrete facts? We observe in the Roman Church a most powerful organization, and a great faculty of action upon all those who do not laboriously think, or largely contribute to supply mankind with its stock of thought: but we observe, also, when we look to the countries of her unbroken dominion, an apparent want of capacity to meet the human mind in its questioning attitude; so that it has simply broken away from her control, and the communications between the two are like the voices of men severed on this side and on that by a broad and deep stream that neither of them can cross. The non-believing guerillas are busy in the field of science, of archæology, of language, of pre-historic facts, of speculative philosophy, of Biblical and all archaic criticism. In every one of these they challenge Christians to the fight. What, within the last thirty years, the current generation — during which the trumpet of defiance has been ever sounding in her ears — have this vast clergy and Church effected in answer to the challenge? And why are Ritualists, or anybody else, to be in a hurry to surrender their Christianity to a body that shows so small capacity to defend a territory, which nevertheless it claims exclusively to occupy?

The truth is that the Reformation, amidst its convulsive throes, lifted again to the surface a gigantic question which had long lain buried beneath the *débris* of the current religious traditions; namely, whether freedom is one of the vital and normal coefficients for all healthy life and action of the human soul? It answered this question, too, not at once, but partly led and partly driven by the logic of events, in the affirmative. Neither had the Roman Church, before the Reformation, replied to it in the negative. Since that great epoch, her attitude has become in many ways more artificial and constrained. The tendencies adverse to freedom within her pale are supposed to be due to the order of Jesuits. But Loyola is himself only the first, and most prominent, index and result of those tendencies. The foe was everywhere around the walls: sentries had to be multiplied, passwords appointed, and doors formerly open kept fast with lock and key. Jesuitism was only rendered possible by the Reformation: it was, by reflex action, the Reformation's child. Compulsory confession was a yoke which

one-half Europe had refused to bear: but in the post-Reformation Church, that rule was developed into the system of direction. Now Tartaros was as far beneath the ground, as the ground beneath heaven; and direction was as far beyond mere confession, as confession was beyond the lines of human autonomy. Religion became more sensuous, more artificial, more feminine. The saints of this period differ from earlier saints, not merely as the ages differ, but from the specific reflex effect which had been wrought upon the Latin religion. What a difference, for instance, between Saint Bernard and St. Francis de Sales: how much more human, natural, and universal is the one, how much more removed is the other from the largeness of the true type of manhood! And so it still seems to be a continual tendency, nay, a standing policy, to depress the man in the priest, and to make the common type of the order force down the growths of individual character. Finally, what the Reformation did once, the French Revolution did anew. It stimulated and centralized the ecclesiastical spirit, narrowing its precinct, making it more intense within that precinct, but widening the gap between it and the lay Christian world, and wearing away the hope of reconciliation between them. It is easy to denounce from the Roman chair all opposers, as simply representing the world, the flesh, and the devil. But the question will recur to calm minds whether that absoluteness of rule which it establishes, from the head downwards, through the several stages of its clergy, ending in the dominion of them all over the flock, and in the establishment of an unchecked clerical supremacy over the detail of life, is really healthful for mankind; really according to the laws of the constitution given us from on high; really the due form of the remedy appointed for the healing, the restoration, and the full development of human nature?

A variety of circumstances tend to confirm this mistrust in the capacity of a Church, such as the abbé Martin recommends, for becoming a successful champion of belief. We know, for example, that forty, thirty, or twenty years ago the fortress of thought and of scientific theology, for the Latin Church, was in South Germany. But we also know that the band of men, who were then her joy and crown, have been driven, since the Council of 1870, out of her communion; and are now known as Old Catholics. If we cross the Rhine into France, we observe that Lamennais, the greatest genius of the



French clergy of his day, and Hyacinthe, once their greatest preacher, each, though in different directions, became estranged from their Church; that Montalembert is known, and Gratry is suspected, to have died in mental resistance to the Council of the Vatican. If we carry our view into Italy, we find that nearly all the most remarkable men of its clergy for the last half-century have been unable to hold their positions, or have fallen under the positive censures of the Church: Rosmini, Gioberti, Ventura, Passaglia: a list to which two notable names, at least, of men now living might be added. In England it is true that a large number of notable persons were, within our memory, induced to cross the Roman border. They changed the color of their small but respected Anglo-Roman communion, and some of them have been active in polemical campaigning; but what has this clergy effected in the great warfare for belief?

There was a time when the champions of the Latin Church were content to pursue the historic method, and to trace through the sacred Scriptures, the writings of fathers, the structure of liturgies, and the decrees of councils, those severed elements of proof, which, as they thought, welding themselves by degrees into a mass, presented the features of a true historic growth, and justified them in inscribing over the portals of their Church the proud title of the unchanged. There was not only a material but a formal difference between this mode of arguing, and the mode now in use. For it was a process carried on in the open, level arena, upon the common ground of an appeal to history, and to rational judgment, upon a wide range of actual fact. The method is now disused; and such men as the Bossuets, the Nicoles, or as the great divines of Constance, are discredited and even denounced; a change in tactics, which must have a cause, and which suggests no other cause than this; that, in the face of the profound alterations lately effected in the Roman system, the appeal to history has become a patent peril, and must be not only laid aside but inhibited. But do the modes of argument, which have been substituted, better sustain the ordeal, through which they have to pass in every reflective and impartial mind?

For example, in lieu of showing what has been in the world, and what is, or is not to be deduced from the abundant facts of history bearing on the case, recourse is now often had to the argument *a priori*. This may well be called the domineering

argument; as, in order to instruct man, it lays down the law for God, and determines the provision it was needful for him to make in order to ensure the fulfilment of his promise to the Church that the gates of hell should not prevail against it; or, that the Christian faith, and the society to whose stewardship it was to be intrusted, should endure throughout all the ages, until the work of the Redeemer should have been fully accomplished. To this end, we are often told, it was necessary that there should be an ecclesiastical organization with one head exercising supremacy over the entire body. But when we look through or over the wall of the Western Church into the precincts of the Eastern, we seem to find a living confutation of this argument. For there a vast body, nearly a fourth of Christendom, has subsisted from the great day of Pentecost to our day, which not only does not enjoy, but which renounces and condemns, the whole doctrine of supremacy; and which, under the old patriarchal constitution of the Church, retains the Christian faith entire, by the acknowledgment of Rome herself, which invites, and invites in vain, to her councils those unyielding patriarchs of the East. And what is the answer? We may really marvel that human lips can be found to speak, or hands to write it. It is, says Abbé Martin (p. 125), that the Eastern Churches are "almost all of them dead or dying for the last many centuries." Dying for the last many centuries! It is told, I think, of Fontenelle, that he was warned against coffee as a slow poison. "A very slow one," he replied; "I have drunk it through eighty years." Surely it is a poor, thin, transparent shift, which the dire necessities of exhausted polemics may rather account for than excuse. I shall attempt no reply except to say that the score of millions of those Christians, who inhabit the Turkish Empire, have for almost a corresponding tale of generations enjoyed the highest of all honors; they have been sufferers for their faith. They have been its martyrs and its confessors. They alone have continuously filled that character. Many a tender maid, at the threshold of her young life, has gladly met her doom, when the words that accepted Islam, the act that invested her with the *yatchak*, would have made her in a moment a free and honored member of a privileged, a dominant community. Ever since the Turkish hoof began to lay waste the Levant, those twenty millions have had before them, on the one side peace and freedom, on the other side



the gospel. They have chosen the gospel; and have paid the forfeit. And whatever be their faults and errors, it is not for us of the West, amidst our ease and prosperity, our abundant sins and scandals, to stigmatize them as professors of a dead or dying Christianity, and thus to disparage the most splendid and irrefragable, perhaps, of all the testimonies which man can render to the religion of the Cross. Of this deplorable plea I should confidently hope never to hear again, but that I believe none better can be found to serve its controversial purpose.

There may be many, who believe in the perpetuity of the Christian faith, and Christian society or Church, and therefore in its preservation in all necessary truth; and yet who, on the broad ground of rational interpretation of Scripture, would utterly deny, or resolutely question, the assumption that either the Roman pontiff, or any organ or organs of the Church whatever, have a guaranteed immunity from error. The life of the Church is one thing; its health, and the perfection of its health, surely are another. A promise of life to an individual does not exclude sickness: why should the promise of life to the Church? It is surely futile to reply that she cannot err, because immunity from error is essential to the perfect discharge of her duties. Here we have again the *a priori* doctrine, and rules of conduct laid down for one whose thoughts are not as our thoughts, nor his ways as our ways.\* But the assumption is not only arbitrary; it is in straight contradiction to the whole constitution of things, under which we live. For in it every provision for the performance of duty, for the attainment of good, is marked with the imperfection thus haughtily refused. To this rule there is no exception. Even the very "creature,"† the beautiful material world, is touched and streaked with it; lest perchance, if it had been faultless, it might suggest to us a claim for immunities that seem to have been advisedly withheld by the supreme wisdom.

But also this daring argument, which threatens, like Capaneus, to scale the gates and walls of heaven, is, after all, quite insufficient for its purpose. If we are to believe in the inerrability of a person, or a body of persons, because it is, forsooth, necessary for the full preservation of the truth, we must then also believe in all be-

sides that can be shown to be needful for the perfect attainment of that end. Now, the conservation of all spiritual truth is not a mere operation of the intellect. It requires the faultless action of the perceiving power of the spirit. That is to say, it requires the exclusion of sin; and the man or body that is to be an infallible, must also be a sinless organ. I here deal, it will be observed, only with the argument *a priori*, which proclaims that infallibility must be true, because it is necessary for the perfect maintenance of truth and exclusion of error. If this be so, there is something else that is necessary for infallibility. It is necessary that the tainting, blinding, distorting power of sin should be shut out from the spiritual eye of the infallible judge. In a word, one-half of the claim is too glaringly at variance with the facts of every day to be prudently employed; yet it is requisite, in order to make good in reason the other half, which is only advanced with greater safety, because its detection depends upon long, and more complicated and disputable processes.

Another argument which has been recently brought into use, and has dealt a heavy blow to the old and revered motto of *Semper eadem*, has been that which may indeed be called *Nunquam eadem*; or, the doctrine of development. When Dr. Newman explained to the world that this was the instrument which had opened for him the way from his mother Church and university into the Roman communion, he felt the necessity of supplying tests, which might serve to distinguish a development from a corruption. Of these he enumerated no less than seven.\* They were:—

1. Preservation of type or idea.
2. Continuity of principles.
3. Power of assimilation.
4. Early anticipation.
5. Logical sequence.
6. Preservative additions.
7. Chronic continuance.

Now I submit that these seven tests, imposing as they sound, are radically insufficient to guarantee a normal and healthy growth, which is, I apprehend, the only legitimate development; for they do not include either maintenance of the equilibrium of the system, or the due proportion of its parts. Certainly they afford a warrant against the removal of the old essence and the substitution of a new one; against

\* Isaiah lv. 8.  
† Rom. viii.

\* Newman on Development of Doctrine, chap. i. London. 1845.

the transubstantiation, so to speak, of the Church. But they afford no more. Suppose a child to be born weaker in one leg than in the other, and suppose that weak leg to be bandaged up and never put to the ground. The child develops — that is, he grows up, though he grows up a cripple, with a shrunk limb. But the type or idea of a human body remains; the principle of its life is continuous; it assimilates, for it is nourished by food; the early anticipation was shown in the weakness of the limb; the logical sequence is the continuity of growth; the preservative additions which, on Dr. Newman's principles, must be accessories only, are found in his duly measured clothes; and the chronic duration is in the long life, to which such a person may, and often does, attain, like another of seemlier formation. But the equilibrium is gone, and he wants a crutch; the parts have lost their just proportion, and exhibit only the contrast of a strong side and a weak one. Now this, if I may presume so far, not unfairly describes the development of the Roman out of the apostolic Church. No doubt (as I for one believe) the Church began with a clergy; nay, began in a clergy. It had its centre of life, and of self-propagating power, in the apostolic college, which gradually called into being those orders that form the full equipment of the Christian ministry. I could not in candor deny that Holy Scripture assigns to St. Peter some kind of leadership or primacy. Thus far, and if this had been all, we have, I admit, the germ of an absolute hierarchy, capable of development into the full organism. But these principles of life were girt about on every side with limiting conditions, of an equally active kind. As between St. Peter and the apostles, by the independence of each upon every other individually, extending even to the power of remonstrance and rebuke, and by the superior authority of the apostolic college and the council of the Church. As between the ministry and its flocks, by their free admission to the Word of God with out stint or limit; by the authorized, nay, commanded, exercise of their rational mind upon it; by their having some share in appointing to the ministerial office, for surely it was the *cheiretomy* of the Acts that expanded into lay assent, perhaps lay patronage, in the subsequent history of the Church; by their actual participation in government, which I suppose might very well be developed out of the Council of Jerusalem; and finally by their paramount control over temporalities. I do

not dispute the historical and huge development in the Latin Church of the first set of principles and powers. But what has become of the second? The access to the Divine Word of Scripture has, to say the least, been greatly narrowed. The duty to prove is replaced (see Abbé Martin) by the duty to submit. Not only are lay rights in regard to appointments fast passing into clerical hands, but presbyteral and episcopal rights are in course of rapid absorption into the will of one single supreme clergyman, the Roman pontiff. The last remnant of lay influence, from within the Church, over its government was effaced in principle and fact, by the exclusion of the representatives of States from the Council of the Vatican. Even of the care of temporalities the Church went far to relieve the people, when, besides the tithes and the voluntary offerings, it possessed before the Reformation from one-third to one-half the land of various countries. And at this day it is held to be vital by a party, that the pope ought also to be a king, in order that he may be temporally independent. The whole space, given for the growth of two sets of principles, has been monopolized by one. In the structure of the Church system, the original equilibrium has thus been wholly dislocated, and a new one devised, with a crutch. The proportion of parts is lost; the laity count but do not weigh; hardly a vestige of their ecclesiastical rights remains; that vestige is only in the form of patronage; and it is marked for early extinction.

It is, I think, clear that, for the purposes of popular influence as well as of controversy, the Roman Church derives vast practical advantage from the continuity of her traditions. She is like a State that has never undergone a revolution. I will not say she is like Russia, as compared with England: since I feel that the illustration is imperfect. For in a State, when evils become intolerable, a radical and violent change must come; inasmuch as to be in the State is, and is felt to be, a first necessity of life. In these times, there is no corresponding sense of a first necessity to be in a Church, that is, to be truly in it, as among its living and working members. So it is quite possible that, in lieu of the trouble, the pain, the agony, of a convulsive change, like revolution in a State, men in a Church may tacitly withdraw, and may pass, through a comprehensive but noiseless disobedience, into a dogmatic vacuum, if not into spiritual death.

Thus much it is right to allow; that traditions, unbroken by any shock of change, offer undoubtedly an imposing spectacle; but they supply no test of truth in religious controversy, any more than they supplied a test of health and safety in the France of 1788. It had unbroken traditions; but it was to come down with a crash in 1789. England, on the other hand, by deposing bad sovereigns, and extorting Magna Charta and the Triennial Bill and the Bill of Rights, in a series of revolutions, had won her way to a true stability of civil existence. A just parallel, a sound illustration, is to be found, as I think, in the pagan or Olympian system of the classic ages. From what original did that system draw its lineage? The abbé Martin will probably agree with me in believing that a primitive religion was given, as the Scriptures tell us, in the cradle of our race. It was not by the shock of religious revolution, by the violence of Luthers, and Zuingles, and Calvins, that this primitive religion was disnatured and deformed. Here and there we have indications of minute local conflicts between an old god and a new; but they were purely local. It was not by persecuting laws, by tribunals of inquisition, or by wars of religion, that the old monotheism was (so to speak) transelemented, and caricatured, into the gorgeous but gross and motley religion of the Greek and Italian peninsulas. It was by continually importing new matter, of a particular quality and bearing. And these were very "preservative additions;" inasmuch that they supplied the most civilized part of man, through fifteen hundred years, with what, in "chronic continuance," served them for a religion.

But they gradually and slowly drew the system off its old axis, and pitched it on a new one; and so handled it, that at last it seemed to lose all features of religion considered as a discipline for man. It then no longer presented the first of the seven tests in the preservation of the type or idea. Let it not be supposed that I mean to insinuate such a charge against the Latin Church. The type or idea, that of redemption and renovation through our Lord and Saviour, is, I rejoice to think, still held with a marvellous consent by nearly the entire body, however broken up, of professing Christians. My argument is one *a fortiori*, and is this; that the plea of continuous traditions is of no binding force, because, as we see from the case of the Olympian system, this feature may subsist, and yet not merely corruption

and debasement, but even possibly change of the type, and loss of the essence, may arrive.

Another imposing plea, the plea to which the Latin Church commonly owes what success she may achieve in making proselytes, is the great advantage, or, as it is sometimes put, the necessity, of certainty in religion, for the satisfaction and establishment of the soul. In this department of theology has been elaborated the doctrine of a "divine faith," the privilege of every Latin Christian, distinct, from the first, in its nature from even the most normal process and fullest ripeness of persuasion and conviction. Without doubt faith is distinct from knowledge, in things human as well as in things divine. But, over and above this, it is taught that faith is in essence different from the just appreciation of motives of credibility,\* and a claim seems to be made for every Latin Christian of what is essentially a separate and specific revelation. Thus infallibility, on the one side, in the living voice of the Church, seems to be met by a divine certainty on the other: in receiving it. No more ingenious scheme could be devised for shutting out that scrutiny of doctrine and ecclesiastical title, which is recommended to the members of all other religious communions, and inhibited to her own. But, when the interior parts of this machinery come to be examined, it is found to exhibit fatal flaws. For there are no infallible means provided for carrying the message from the infallible mouth to the person happily endowed with a gift of "divine certainty" for receiving it. The priest who instructs him is not infallible, nor is the bishop who overrules the priest, nor is the synod which outweighs the bishop. As to the priest, I need not enlarge. As to the bishop, in 1822 Bishop Baynes, a great authority, published his belief that no one in his communion, throughout England and Ireland, believed in the infallibility of the pope. As to synods, the national synod of Ireland, in 1810, declared that no Roman Catholic could be "required to believe or profess" that infallibility, and also declared this freedom to be "a part of the Roman Catholic religion."† Into what terrible pitfalls, then, may the Latin believer fall headlong unawares! for to day he may be assured by a synod, in the name of the entire Roman Church, that he cannot be required to

\* Perrone, De Loc. Theol. iii. 1, 2, 137, 138: "*Credidit perinde ac si cerneret intuitu suo, immo magis.*"

† Defence against Dr. Moysey, p. 230. Slater on Roman Catholic Tenets, pp. 14, 15.

believe a proposition, and to-morrow a council, meeting at the Vatican, can lay on him that very obligation. What shock to certainty, comparable for a moment to this, has ever been imparted by any act done in the Anglican communion?

I do not wish to use any expression that can wound. But surely, in the sonorous pretensions of the Latin controversialists, there is a great deal of what in common affairs would be adjudged to be no better than "tall talk." The impression on my mind is, that it is no difficult matter to establish a very formidable and damaging indictment against any one of the portions of the Christian Church: damaging enough to excite, unsettle, terrify any one of its members, who does not resort to the unpalatable, but restorative, medicine of examining with an equal care such "wounds and bruises and putrefying sores" as may perhaps be detected in the community he is solicited to join. I fear that the restless and eager prosecution of the business of proselytism has often done irreparable mischief. First, in exposing the cause of belief to those cavils and scoffs, which it has provoked from men who do not believe. Secondly, and yet worse, in unsettling the foundations of that reverence, which every one ought to feel for the faith in which he has been reared, even as for the breasts at which he has first been fed. How often has it shaken the foundations of authority in the very first ordinance of God, the family! How often has it promoted a supposed orthodoxy of belief, to the neglect or to the detriment of those laws of conduct, the support of which is the work, and end, and the true and only renown, of orthodoxy! How often, in accepting the hasty process, often of an unformed and youthful mind, as a sufficient warrant for the tremendous operation of changing a religion, does it, by an unfelt but inevitable influence, impair the strength and sanctity of those bonds which, if sincerely entertained, a religion must as such have woven round the mind and heart! How apt is it to insinuate, "Unless you believe what I tell you, you have no warrant to believe at all!" How eagerly does it inculcate authority upon principles of rebellion, and obtain the surrender of mental freedom through the operation of unbridled mental license! I do not say that no man is to change a false religion for a true; or a less true religion for one with fuller truth; but that the change ought to be recognized for what it is, in fully developed minds, at the best a terrible convulsion, and at times such a

rent in the spiritual life, as nothing can repair. Still less do I say that the spirit which our Lord once rebuked is confined to any sect or body: but I fear there is little doubt, upon a survey of the Christian world, which is its most favored seat.

In writing this paper I have obeyed, as far as I could, the injunctions of the abbé Martin, who deprecates dwelling on detail, and urges that "a great institution ought to be taken as a whole," judged "by its broad outlines," tested by its general results (pp. 127, 134). Anxious to avoid the sorer points of contact, I have avoided questions of morality; but he should know that we in England generally do not like the actual teaching of his Church as to the relative places given to particular sins and virtues. We fear that, in that teaching, a supreme law, the love of truth, comes off but second best; so that in the intercourse of life with his co-religionists, we rely a great deal more on the individual, than on the Church. I have taken little notice of his own observations as to details. It is no matter for wonder that his knowledge of things as they are with us, like ours of things as they are in France, should be but remote and inaccurate. Had he been a closer student of our history, he never could have said that there was no peace in the English Church, except when the State tightened the reins. The time of this tightening of the reins has usually been with us the time of the greatest disturbance. The State promoted a lethargic peace during the eighteenth century: not by tightening the reins, but by appointing Hanoverian bishops, who could not exercise a sharp control over a Jacobite clergy; and thus by loosening, not tightening discipline. Nor could he have said, that the Church worked worst in periods of vigor. Hardly any one denies the enormous increase of good wrought in our own time, amidst all its troubles and all its scandals. He sets out in much detail trivial causes, which he thinks prevent conversion. It seems only to occur to him by accident, and as he draws near a close, that his Ritualists abide in the Anglican Church because they believe it to be "a part of the true church of Jesus Christ" (p. 130). But if he is right, — and doubtless he is right — in imputing to them this belief, how is it that he does not see how it supplies, until overthrown, — and he has done nothing to overthrow it, — the sufficient and conclusive answer to his question?

His courtesy and evident good-will inspire the wish that he knew more closely the state of religion in this non-Roman



world. He offers us a religion with "authority for its fundamental principle" (p. 132), but authority blended with "great kindness and condescension" (p. 127). The freedom which we think to be, by the ordinance of God, an inseparable law of our life, and condition of all its healthful energy, has thus tranquilly disappeared from the system of the abbé. What we want is not so much authority "blended with great kindness and condescension," as authority freely entertained and accepted by reason, met by it, and "blended" with it. Were he more familiar with us, he would see that in this country, conformably to its essential character, there exists no question as to the maintenance of religion without this freedom; the serious question is whether it is to be maintained with it, or not to be maintained at all. The liberal coquetry of Von Hartmann\* with the Latin Church, as the only foe that negation can stoop to recognize, has, except as to individuals, little meaning for England. Yet there is here a great mass of positive belief, both within and without the Church of the nation. Among the Presbyterians of Scotland, and the Non-conformists of England, extremes of doctrine have been greatly mitigated; but theology is on the rise, and culture is held in increased esteem. No doubt the principles called Anglican, which have also greatly advanced in positiveness and in practical vitality, exhibit notable distinctions from the Protestant system, as it exists outside the Church of the land. But both this evangelical Protestantism, and the Anglican system, have crossed the oceans, and sprung up in the remotest portions of the earth, with vigorous organizations to sustain them, and with no small exhibition of expansive force in efforts to reclaim the heathen. Of the Church of England and her daughters beyond sea, it may with no gross immodesty be said,

Tum, fortes latè ramos et brachia tendens  
Huc illuc, media ipsa ingentem sustinet umbram.†

There are Roman divines, who seem to boast of the disintegration of Protestantism. Yet I hardly understand how the candid mind, be it Roman or other, can fail to see that these two, which I have described, are great and powerful factors, for the present and for the future, in the composition and direction of the Christian world. They differ in their respective dis-

tances from the Church of Rome, in their conceptions of Church communion, of sacraments, of authority, and of Christian tradition. But both prize as an inestimable boon the power of free and universal access for all Christians to the written Word, the most powerful and pure of all instruments of human education; and that boon was obtained for both by the struggle of the sixteenth century. Both look, with a common anxiety, to the great issues that are now debated in every form, and in the hearing of every class and every person. Both look to the determination of those issues, as involving the alternative of the further advancement, or the eventual degeneracy, of man. For them the question of questions is, what *modus vivendi*, what terms of respective possession and reciprocal influence, can be established between the Christian revelation and the more and more restless, but also more and more awakened and busy, reason of man. The foundations of the great deep are indeed broken up; and men have to contend for the first beginnings, elements, and foundations of the truth. The specific idea of revelation; the limit of inspiration in the Divine Word; the relation between the past and the passing generation in the acceptance and delivery of truth, between the ancient expressions of it and the play of recent thought upon and around them, between the action of freedom in which our nature is grounded, and the reaction of authority, which is as much an essential of mental as of external life; the place of law in the visible creation, and of miracle in relation to experience; the nature and range of intercourse by prayer between the creature and the Creator; the rules by which the dubious conflicts of righteousness in this world shall work out into its final triumph, and the probation of the human being, oftentimes so narrow and inadequate, to our human view, shall usher him onwards to a definitive condition: these are some of the questions within the region of theism, to say nothing of those beyond it, which call importunately for the vindication or readjustment of old replies, or the construction of new ones. Nor do they call in vain. There is no acquiescence in the attempt to divorce morality from religion, or religion from theology. Though the contest be close and urgent, and all the more so from the respect due to so many of the assailants, there is no despondency as to the issue. But it is felt that the time has come, when discussion has to be substituted for anathema as the main instrument of defence. If the Latin

\* *Die Selbstzerstörung des Christenthums*, p. xv.

† Virg. Georg. ii. 296.

Church will gird herself for that discussion, and show that she can surpass Anglicans and Nonconformists, Lutherans and Reformed, in vindicating the authority of religion, and establishing its harmony with the advised and persistent demands of the human reason, she may then only secure for herself the *spolia opima* of battle in the best of causes. She would thus, assuredly, do more to bring about the ultimate triumph of her own particular claim, than by wondering, while admitting, that all Protestants are not Rationalists, or that all Ritualists do not leave a Church, which is said at the same time, as a true Church, to command their allegiance (p. 130); and, as "the living embodiment of every high and holy thought, memory, purpose, hope," to warm their heart.

W. E. GLADSTONE.

#### A DOUBTING HEART.

BY MISS KEARY,

AUTHOR OF "CASTLE DALY," "OLDBURY," ETC.

#### CHAPTER XII.

#### ROSE-COLORED RIBBONS.

THE heroism with which Emmie had armed herself for her visit appeared at first to have been a little uncalled-for. The anticipated trials did not come, and the disagreeables that cropped up as the days passed on were so unlike those expected that Emmie actually did not discover them to be grievances till the time for bearing them was almost over. She would not be so inconsistent as to complain of being shut up in her aunt's room, out of the way of all but distant glimpses of the gaieties going on in other parts of the house, when she had lately told Katharine Moore that it was the being obliged to go into company that she dreaded. Yet it must be confessed that when the first strangeness of the great house and the many servants was over, such a longing for home would seize her, and send her, towards the close of a long afternoon, into such disgraceful fits of yawning, that she was frequently obliged to make her escape from the close, scented atmosphere of Lady Rivers's dressing-room and bring herself into wide-awake order again by peering over the balusters to the chief staircase, up which a group of afternoon callers would perhaps be ascending, in full view of Emmie's sleepy, disconsolate eyes.

It was very silly, she told herself, to feel disconsolate by about the end of the first week, and to wish, oh so vehemently, that a flight up stairs or down would bring her to Air Throne, or land her in the regions where she and Mary Anne were accustomed to hold discussions and work out experiments which gave the dinners and teas that resulted therefrom a better flavor than Aunt Rivers seemed to find in her dainty little meals. Yes, it was very weak-minded to grow homesick after such a short absence, when another week would bring her back to the old cares and to what she had been used to call the gloom of Saville Street. And with little news to impart to the others, for really, except during the moments of these stolen peeps on to the staircase, any one might come to the house without her being the wiser, even *the* one person who would come expecting to find Emmie West in the drawing-room, and who might possibly feel a little disappointed at her non-appearance.

One day while Emmie was looking over the balusters a stout, long-trained lady, with a dazzling bird of paradise in her bonnet, suddenly looked upwards, and so evidently saw something in the distant perspective of the winding staircase to arrest her attention that a tall young man who was following lifted up his face and saw too. Only the top of a retreating head Emmie hoped, for though the first glance had somehow fascinated her and kept her for quite a second staring down into the broad, smiling, good-humoredly inquisitive face that was turned up towards her, she had presence of mind to dart away before the younger pair of equally good-humored, inquisitive eyes had quite found her out. A sudden suspicion, turned into certainty by a moment's thought, shot through her and caused her to tingle all over. Yes, those were the Kirkmans: the mother and son whose names Aunt Rivers brought forward so constantly in her conversations with Emmie, and introduced even into those gossiping confidences with her nurse, which Alma used to frown upon.

The next day and the next at the same hour, Emmie cautiously peeped again, just long enough to see the glitter of the paradise feather nodding on the drawing-room landing. Then she retreated into the dressing-room, robbed, she felt, of even the poor dissipation of watching the stairs, and devoted herself for the rest of the afternoon to reading aloud to her aunt. Somewhat monotonously, it is to be feared, for her thoughts were all the while revolving round and round one point—the possi-

bility, namely, that another caller might come to the house and be shown into the drawing-room while that keen-eyed young man and his smiling mother were talking to Alma. Through a whole chapter of a novel filled with the most thrilling incidents Emmie would continue to see mentally one series of little pictures only. A figure mounting the staircase — the drawing-room door thrown open — and then the change that would come on a certain person's face as soon as a glance into the room had made him aware of its occupants. Next she wondered how it would be if, instead of being shut up here, she were seated down there, say by the fireplace or in the window recess; would the new-comer, for want of something else to do, stroll up to her, and should she be able to say anything to soften the disgust and pain she could picture so surely on his face.

But it was only in the afternoons during the hours when afternoon tea and callers prevailed in the drawing-room that Emmie was guilty of monotonous reading aloud, or indeed of any other symptom of want of sympathy with the invalid who claimed her attention. On all other occasions she proved a most agreeable sick-room companion, and had only herself to thank; Lady Rivers found so much pleasure in her society that she could not bring herself to forego it even for an hour or two. It was sheer selfishness that caused her imprisonment, for Lady Rivers was too much engrossed just then with her own ailments to notice the unfashionable make of Emmie's winter dress. She only kept her shut up because such a listener as Emmie was too great a boon to be shared with any one who did not need the comfort of sympathy as much as she did.

It was something quite new to Lady Rivers to talk about her troubles to a person who looked up with interested instead of critical eyes, puzzled perhaps but still believing, and in spite of past prejudices, Emmie was such a person. Her nature was so essentially sympathetic that while Lady Rivers talked with her accustomed eloquence of complaint she could not help being mesmerized into an answering feeling of compassion. Possibly, after all, it was a worse state of things to live in a great, plentiful house, where everybody, from its master to the youngest of the servants, occupied themselves mainly in spitting and thwarting the mistress, in the fashion Aunt Rivers described, than like her mother to be struggling against the spite and thwarting that came from an empty purse only. Certainly her mother

found less to say about her grievances and fewer people to feel bitter against. Poor Aunt Rivers!

And when Emmie tried her hand timidly at condolence, and brought forward, by way of tonic, stoical maxims learned from Katharine Moore, the conversations still flowed on amicably enough. Her velvety brown eyes quite melted with pity and sweetness as she spoke, and it never occurred to Lady Rivers that Emmie West could be recommending contempt of riches, or indifference to the good things of this world to *her*. In her own opinion she stood secure on an eminence of aristocracy that involved obligations of its own, and she could listen to moralities, applicable to persons whose inferior station in life laid a different order of duties on them, without the least stirring of conscience.

Contentment was no virtue for *her*, who had always found she could gain any point she set her heart upon by worrying long enough, though it might shine sweetly as a grace in people who mismanaged their family affairs as poor sister West had done. It was, however, gratifying to find virtue in its right place, and Lady Rivers would put out her white jewelled fingers, and reward Emmie's hesitating little sermon with a pat on her cheek, or a caressing touch of her hair, while Emmie wondered and glowed with gratitude, and felt almost as strangely distinguished as if she had seen the stone statue in the Square gardens come down from its pedestal, and hold out a welcoming hand.

"That child is really wonderfully pretty," Sir Francis remarked one day, after Emmie had left the room when he had come in and surprised one of those beaming looks of gratitude on her face. "I don't wonder at your keeping her hidden away here, my dear, if, like Madame de Sévigné, you hold to your reputation of mothering *la plus jolie fille à marier* in the market at present. You have never met Madame de Sévigné, you say, and don't know her daughter; that is your loss, my love, and perhaps also hers, for I think she would have written a very pleasant letter about you if she had had the luck to know you. No, she is not a *person* who has been putting notions into my head about Emmie West. I spoke simply from my own observation, and I am sorry that it differs from yours, for, proud as I am of Alma, my conscience will never let me say that her nose is as well-formed, or her complexion so good as her cousin's, now I have remarked the difference. However,

as you find Emmie West's looks only tolerable, don't you think that you might allow her a little more liberty, and show your confidence in Alma's supremacy by venturing the other into the drawing-room sometimes? It would be only common humanity, and might be indulged in without much risk, I should think. Horace Kirkman is too far gone in infatuation for Alma's grey eyes to be disturbed by those pretty brown ones of Emmie's, unless I am much mistaken, and if he could be so disturbed, I think we might all survive his defection. Your suspense would be over, at all events, and you could betake yourself, with Alma, to the south of France, where Dr. Urquhart urges me to send you till the spring winds are over in England. You would be free to go then without being reproached by your maternal conscience for taking your daughter out of the way of a splendid match, to promote which you have, I am afraid, been perilling your life all the winter."

This remonstrance was, presumably, repeated afterwards in some less irritating form, and enforced by conjugal arguments, to which Lady Rivers succumbed; for the next morning Emmie found herself released from attendance; and had the agreeable choice offered her of accompanying her uncle in the carriage to his law court, and of visiting a circulating library on her way back to select a fresh supply of novels for her aunt's afternoon reading—dissipations not to be despised by a young person to whom a drive even in a street cab was a distinct pleasure, and who had, moreover, a hazy kind of interest in law courts, having given a few moments sometimes to wondering how "people" looked in wigs and gowns whose faces without the wigs had become a standard of pleasantness. Did it alter a person much—would a friendly face in a wig look old and dignified, and could one reasonably expect such an one to be just going in, or just coming out, of that legal temple before which Uncle Rivers's carriage would draw up? Might one even venture to shake hands with a friend in a wig, and explain to him how one was situated with respect to afternoon callers?

Sir Francis Rivers did not interrupt a careful reasoning out of these problems by any ill-advised attempts at conversation during the rapid progress of the brougham which conveyed himself and his niece through "miles of London." He had come out of the house and put himself into the carriage with that peculiar expression on his face, hair flying, eyes fixed,

lips working without any corresponding sound proceeding from them, which had inspired Casabianca with the notion of drawing a likeness of his uncle, as "Johnny Head-in-Air," and through the hour's drive there might just as well have been a bundle of rags on the seat opposite him as Emmie West for any impression conveyed to his mind by her presence. No need to care how shabby one's hat and jacket were in a drive with Uncle Rivers. The cessation of the motion when the brougham drew up did not bring Sir Francis down from the clouds all at once. He seized a bundle of papers, threw himself out, and was bustling down a long passage, which Emmie searched with her eyes in vain, when something seemed to stop his course suddenly. He turned round and came back to the carriage, "Johnny Head-in-Air" no longer, but that other edition of Uncle Rivers, whose keen glance, critical or kind, seemed to go down to the bottom of one's mind, and read one's thoughts.

"My child," he said, "I have not given James any orders where to drive. You must tell him yourself where you would like to go. Now you are out for the morning, you will be disposed for a little shopping, no doubt. Girls always want to buy ribbons or something, and I dare say you forgot to bring your purse out with you. There, tuck that into your little glove, and say nothing about it to any one, but tell James to take you where you can spend it as you like."

He was gone quite to the end of the dark passage before Emmie had had presence of mind to smooth out the transparent bit of paper, whose crisp touch was so unfamiliar to her. It was actually a ten-pound note, and for the first moment or two, the almost awful sense of responsibility in having to deal with such a sum brought Emmie more fright than pleasure. Ribbons, indeed! What could Uncle Rivers be thinking about? Did he know what he was doing? or ought one to keep the note untouched, and remonstrate at dinner-time? A recollection of the half smile that played round his lips when he said, "Say nothing about it to any one," was answer enough to this scruple. Perhaps a habit of giving away ten-pound notes inadvertently was one of the peculiarities which Lady Rivers found so trying in her husband.

With this suspicion, Emmie felt a new responsibility laid on her, not to get her benefactor into trouble. It was, moreover, impossible to keep the stately James waiting for orders at the door of the carriage a



moment longer, and, on the spur of necessity, Emmie named a shop where Alma had, she knew, been making purchases the day before, and during the long drive her tumultuous thoughts had time to settle themselves into a brilliant kaleidoscope picture of delight; her very fears and scruples fitting in as white lights to heighten the colors.

Yes, yes; she had been told to spend all this money as she pleased, and she would do as she was bid, and for once supply the wants of the feminine side of the household at home with a liberal hand. Her mother's first, then Mildie's, then her own, and there might even remain, when all these were provided for, something over and above wherewith to buy that Christmas present for Mary Ann, which her mother had been so sorrowfully obliged to omit this year. Here was, indeed, a happy morning's work laid out. Yet the purchasing of her presents, when the time came for it — did not take so long as might have been expected. The wants to be supplied were not by any means fancy ones, and had been discussed between Emmie and her mother so often, that she had no difficulty in making up her mind what to buy. Just the very things they had talked of as needful, but impossible to come by, on many a long, rainy afternoon over their mending! Only, now that she had this money in hand of her very own, Emmie decided that the warm shawl for her mother should be softer and finer and of a prettier shade of grey than they had dared to dream of when they spoke of buying it some day, and that Mildie's new hat and her own might be chosen for once with more regard to what was becoming than to what was cheap — just for this once. The giving her home address as the destination of her purchases caused Emmie to color violently, and almost tremble in her shoes, for she could not help fancying the shopman looked surprised, as if he knew the house, and thought her lavishness something monstrous. She recovered her equanimity, however, in the satisfaction of choosing one or two pretty things for herself, such as had never been so much as spoken of in Saville Street, ribbons and gloves and bows for her hair, that were to accompany her back to Eccleston Square, and be worn on occasions when she might make them pretexts for a word, or at all events, a look of gratitude directed towards her kind uncle. He might notice her finery and give her one of his knowing smiles, or just as probably he might remain "Johnny-Head-in-Air" for all the rest of her visit.

Anyhow, the interest of having a private understanding about her ribbons with Uncle Rivers, would remain the same. It would be something amusing to think about, and would make her feel more at home in the house, more like a person whose existence had been recognized outside the dressing-room, than she had felt hitherto. That was surely consequence enough to predict for a few yards of ribbon; but Emmie's purchases had a more important part to play than the one she anticipated, and before she had done with them they got twisted round two or three rather significant events, which gave a color to the remaining days of her visit not altogether their own *couleur de rose*.

The first link of this ribbon-chain was a natural one enough, and was woven under the very circumstances Emmie had foreseen, and on the evening of the important drive. As there chanced to be no guests at dinner that day, and as an old neighbor had unexpectedly come in to sit an hour with Lady Rivers, Emmie was invited to accompany Alma down-stairs, and had the pleasure of putting on her brightest set of ribbons, before she had possessed them many hours.

Sir Francis remained silent and unobtrusive all dinner-time; but when the dessert was put upon the table he woke up, or rather tumbled down from some region of speculation into his own dining-room, and catching sight of Emmie seated opposite, he twinkled a confidential look across the table at her. Emmie quite thought it was the rose-colored knots on her bosom and in her hair that attracted his attention and caused him to gaze on her approvingly for quite two minutes; but perhaps it was another sort of rose-bloom, deepening and deepening under his gaze, that had chiefly to do with the undoubted pleasure his kindly eyes expressed. To save herself from appearing conscious, Emmie tried to turn her attention to the business of choosing, from the fruit Alma offered to her, something that could not possibly have come from Golden Mount. On former occasions, when she had dined down-stairs, no one had noticed her curious preference for the least inviting fruits on the table; but to-day Sir Francis was watching her closely, and he exclaimed, at the result of her long deliberation, —

"What are you thinking of, child? Why, you have picked out the only pear in the dish that is not worth eating. Where are your eyes? Let me choose for you."

"No, thank you, uncle; I like the little pears best — I do, indeed!"

"Ah, you have never tasted a Golden Mount monster! It combines all the fruit-flavors in the world, from pineapples to strawberries. Come, pass the dish! I will pare one, and you shall divide it with me."

"No, thank you, uncle. Please, don't! I had rather not, *indeed!*" said Emmie, feeling that Alma was looking at her, and hardly knowing the amount of unnecessary earnestness and resolution she put into her second "*indeed.*"

"Hallo! What's the matter?" cried Sir Francis, greatly amused. "Is it a fast-day? or is this some pretty little penance we have imposed on ourself, eh?"

"Yes, what is it, Emmie?" said Alma, in a low, slightly scornful voice, which somehow put Emmie on her mettle.

"I don't want to eat any of Mr. Kirkman's fruit, because —"

"Well, my dear, go on; because — how has Mr. Kirkman been so unlucky as to offend you?" asked Sir Francis.

Emmie's courage was ebbing fast, so she stuck to her first beginning.

"Because it would be sharing the spoil, and I don't think one ought to do it."

"Emmie has got hold of some of the popular prejudices against Mr. Kirkman," observed Alma; "she does not of course know anything about him."

"I do," said Emmie, looking full into Alma's eyes; "I understand a great deal more than you think."

Alma's eyes fell under something she read in Emmie's; and Sir Francis, a good deal surprised, continued the conversation.

"I did not know you were a politician, or a political economist, my dear. You can't really know anything about Mr. Kirkman's ways of making money. I don't suppose you have ever heard a single fact of his life."

"I know one thing," said Emmie, her voice trembling between timidity and indignation. "Mamma, who knew him long ago, told me that when he was managing a mine in the neighborhood where she lived then, he used to pay the people who worked for him in goods instead of money, and that he cheated the women and children, by selling them bad food. I think these great pears and grapes of his that are made out of all those people's hunger, ought not to taste well to him, and I should not like to help him to eat them."

There was a moment's awful silence after Emmie had ended her eloquent speech. Alma picked up one of the big pears, which Sir Francis had half drawn

out of the dish, and restored it carefully to its former position in the pyramid of which it had formed a part, and Sir Francis drummed with three fingers on the knuckles of his left hand, smiling all the time as if he was determined not to let himself be embarrassed by what a pink and white faced chit, like the one before him, could say, and yet had not a crushing answer ready.

"Ah, there is Horace Kirkman's knock at the front door," he said at last. "He takes it pretty much for granted that he is welcome to spend his evenings here — that young fellow. Emmie had better run up quickly to mamma, I think, for if she and Horace Kirkman meet while she is in this red-hot state, we shall have a new version of the battle between the 'doves and the cranes' enacted on the premises."

Emmie did not wait for a second permission to escape, but she felt very miserable as she untied her rose-colored ribbons in her own room before going to her aunt, to read aloud to her for the rest of the evening, while Alma played and sang in the drawing-room to Horace Kirkman.

Had she been very ungrateful? Had she taken more upon herself than she had any right to do? for, after all, what business was it of hers, if Alma chose to marry Horace Kirkman? Of one thing she felt certain — she had offended Alma, and must not expect anything but cold looks and distant words from her during the rest of her visit to Eccleston Square. For this she could not help grieving. Alma had shown her many little acts of kindness lately, and however hard she tried, Emmie could not live for ten days in the same house with her cousin, without falling so far under her fascination, as to care a great deal about the sort of looks she had from her. It was all the sweeter surprise, when quite late that evening, just as Emmie had taken the last pin out of her hair, there came a little tap at the door of her room, and Alma's face looked in.

"What! no fire?" she said, "and it is quite a cold night. How lazy of the housemaids! I must speak about it to-morrow. But my room is next door; bring your brush and comb there, and we will have a talk over my fire."

It was the first time that Alma had ever given such an invitation, and Emmie felt considerably flattered, especially when she found that the talk was to be a real *tête-à-tête*; for the maid had gone to relieve guard in Lady Rivers's room, and Alma was dealing with her own shining plaits herself, and looked as ready for a gossip

as ever did Christabel Moore when she stole down to Emmie's chilly little bedroom from the attics, in evening dishabille, for a specially confidential chat. This room of Alma's was something of a contrast to that other one, and Emmie felt wrapt in a dream of comfort and luxury, as she sat on a low stool by a blazing fire and watched the little streams of gold dropping through Alma's white fingers as she undid her braids and shook the rippling glory all about her. In this one respect, in spite of Sir Francis's disparagement, there was no comparison between the cousins. Emmie's soft, dusky hair was well enough, and made just the right setting for the perfect oval of her face; but Alma's hair was a distinct beauty in itself — its crisp, wilful waves and fitful lights and pale glooms seeming as full of individuality and character as everything else about her. Emmie took up and stroked a long coil of hair that had rippled down to where she sat, and said, "I wish Christabel Moore could see it."

"Christabel is the little pale one, who always gets behind her sister, is she not?" asked Alma indifferently.

"She is the artist," answered Emmie; "that is why I wish she could see you just now with your hair down."

It was the nearest approach to a compliment that Emmie had ever ventured on, and Alma, reading the sincerity with which it was offered in Emmie's admiring eyes, repaid it by asking a few questions about the Moores, hitherto a tabooed subject in Eccleston Square. She did not expect to be interested in hearing the history of her aunt's lodgers, but she was; her questions came quicker, and after one long answer from Emmie, Alma sat musing silently, quite forgetting to roll up the coils of hair she held in her hand.

"I could do that," she said at last, decidedly. "The kind of life you have described is not hard. I don't think I should object to toil, or even poverty, if I had got straight down to it once for all, and if there was nobody who had expected better things of me looking on to reproach and complain over me. Emmie, I don't know why I say this to you; I don't think that till to-night I minded very much what you might be thinking of me, but I feel now as if I must ask you, once for all, not to judge me hardly for anything you may hereafter hear of my doing — not very hardly. Unless you could stand exactly where I do, and feel all the influences round me, all the little threads pulling me, you can't judge fairly. You don't know

how hard it is to resist what comes to one with the very air one breathes, or how often, when I think of doing some things, I wish for a hand to be stretched out strong enough to save me from myself — from that half of myself which everybody about me feeds, while the other starves."

There was a short silence when Alma finished, for Emmie's breath was coming so quickly that she could not command her voice to speak at once, and besides, could she have understood rightly? Did Alma mean her to understand, and might she answer in the only words that her conscience would let her speak after such an appeal, though the very thought of speaking them brought a chill feeling as of a cold wind blowing through her heart.

"I think the hand is stretched out," she said at last, "but you won't see it. I — I wish you would. Alma, dear Alma, I wish you would."

Alma finished putting up her hair, and then she bent down and kissed Emmie between her eyes.

"You are all trembling and cold," she said. "Poor child, I ought not to keep you up late when you tire yourself out waiting on mamma all day. You are a good little thing, Emmie — a good little thing, and I am glad we know each other better now than we did before you stayed here; but your world is so different from mine, you must try not to judge me."

"Good-night, then," said Emmie, making a necklace of her arms so as to hold down Alma's face near her own till she had finished what she wanted to say; "I am only a little thing compared to you, but let me just tell you what Katharine Moore —"

"No," cried Alma, smiling, "not what Katharine Moore says; I won't hear a word more of hers to-night. She is miles above me, and she knows nothing of me and my world."

"Then I will say something quite new to you," Emmie whispered; "something that I have never said to myself before. Whatever your world may be like, I don't think it will be worth living in if you let love slip out of it. Don't do that, Alma, for you can help it if you will."

"Can I? Good-night. It is actually striking twelve, and I cannot let you speak another word to-night," said Alma.

#### CHAPTER XIII.

##### MRS. KIRKMAN'S KISS.

EMMIE got up next morning with a strong impression on her mind that

"silence was golden;" and she made several firm resolutions while she was dressing about the careful government of her tongue during the remaining portion of her visit to Eccleston Square. Only two days more now; surely she should be able to live through them without falling foul of any subject that would again force words from her lips such as she could not remember afterwards without agonies of shyness. She comforted herself with the assurance that there seemed every prospect of a quiet, uneventful time to be spent monotonously in Lady Rivers's dressing-room, for she found on leaving her room, that Alma had had a note from Constance, begging her to take the opportunity of Emmie's being with their mother to spend two days with her, and Sir Francis was sure to take himself out of the way in the evenings of Alma's absence.

The first day passed smoothly enough to put Emmie off her guard, but on the next, on the very last day of her visit, unexpected trials of temper assailed her, culminating towards evening in a great stress of circumstance that brought her face to face with a self she had not known before to be alive within her. For five strange, fire-lit minutes this new, unexpected Emmie West woke up, and, as it were, stood forth and spoke outside the childish, familiar one, and then, in a great silence that followed the outburst of speech, the new passionate self had to be taken back and shut up a prisoner under bonds that one hoped might not have to be broken ever again. But all this happened at the end of a long, trying day; such self-revelations, such comings-out of the kernel of the being to act irrespectively of old habits do not occur without a great deal of previous emotion to lead up to them.

The rose-colored ribbons again formed a link in the chain of small events that led to Emmie's second outburst of loquacity. Feeling the need of something to brighten her spirits, for Lady Rivers had been in a complaining temper all day, Emmie had adorned herself early in the afternoon with some shreds of her new finery, and Dr. Urquhart, who had lately taken to paying long afternoon visits in Eccleston Square, and indulging his patient with a good deal of conversation after his professional duties were ended, chanced once or twice, in a semi-absent way, to fix his eyes while he was talking on the bright ribbon that fastened her dark hair, being puzzled perhaps to account for such an appearance on *her* head.

Either this circumstance, or something unusual in his manner when he took leave of Emmie, put a sudden new thought into Lady Rivers's mind, which interested her so much as to make her forego the just anger she might have felt against her physician for having eyes for any one but herself while visiting her. She magnanimously put this offence aside in her eagerness to follow out her discovery, and she experienced quite a glow of good-humor in consequence of her self-conquest.

"Urquhart," she began meditatively, as soon as the door had closed behind the doctor. "Urquhart! that is a Scotch name, and a good one, I fancy. Do you happen to know, Emmie, whether these Urquharts of yours are related to Sir Colin Urquhart, of Glen Urst? Your uncle spent a day once with Sir Colin when we were in Scotland, and I would take an opportunity of mentioning the circumstance to Dr. Graham Urquhart if I thought it would do any good."

"What good could it do?" said Emmie, looking puzzled. "I believe Sir Colin Urquhart is what Mrs. Urquhart calls a far-away cousin of theirs; but why should Dr. Urquhart care to know that Uncle Rivers has visited him?"

"My dear child, you don't understand these matters, and your poor mother is of course out of the way of thinking of them. It does not signify, however, as you have, fortunately, some one to take a little care for you when the right time comes. Long before then my mind will be quite free from all my present cares." And Lady Rivers took a pause of thought, and then continued, more to herself than to Emmie, "But no, I am not glad to hear of Dr. Urquhart's connection with the baronet, the owner of Glen Urst, a splendid place, I can tell you, Emmie. Scotch people think a great deal about family when they happen to have it, and unfortunately your father's bankruptcy was made so public, and now your poor mother's miserably ill-judged step of letting lodgings; even our connection would hardly outweigh that with Scotch people; but"—raising her voice and looking at her niece again—"never mind, Emmie, you have pleased me very much since you came here, and I never mean to let you slip quite away from us again. We shall be a great deal together by-and-by, no doubt. When Alma is married she will be so sought after and so much engaged in society, that I, like an unselfish mother as I am, shall have to make up my mind to see very little of her; and then I shall lay claim to you, my dear,



altogether. You will live here almost entirely, I daresay, by-and-by, and I shall have many little plans and schemes for you too. You will see, my dear."

Emmie's cheeks were blazing by this time, and she now rose from her seat and stood full in front of Lady Rivers's sofa, looking at her with something in her eyes that almost took away her aunt's breath.

"I hope you will never make any plans for me, Aunt Rivers," she said. "I don't like it. I am sorry you made plans for Alma, and I hope you never will for me; and I don't mean almost to live with you by-and-by, for I am wanted at home; and I had rather stay there, whatever may have happened to make people ashamed of us. The Urquharts are not ashamed of us; they are good friends of mamma's and mine, and we don't want them to be anything else. I hope you will never speak like that of them again, Aunt Rivers, or I can't come and nurse you next time that you send for me."

"My dear, what are you thinking about? sit down, you startled me," said Lady Rivers, who was actually too much cowed by the indignation in Emmie's face, to be all at once as angry as contradiction usually made her; "you are misunderstanding me, I'm sure, and you must not look at me in that way, when I am thinking of nothing but how to be kind to you. I wonder you have the heart. There, you see, you have quite shaken me, and I must have my drops again, or I shall not be able to settle comfortably, or get a wink of sleep the whole evening."

Emmie found and administered the drops, and then resumed her seat by the sofa; but though she said no more, there was still something in her face and manner which so roused Lady Rivers's instinct of self-justification, that she could not give the drops a fair chance of composing her, but felt obliged to launch out into fresh expostulations.

"You ought not to be so independent, Emmie; you ought not, indeed. A girl, with four brothers and a sister, all utterly without prospects, and with a mother in weak health, to say nothing of a father who has twice failed in business—not very creditably—a girl in such circumstances as these should be very humble and thankful to any one who speaks of holding out a hand to smooth her way in life. She should not have too much confidence in herself. Good looks are not everything, no, nor the power of winning favor, either, if she chances to have that. Why, even Alma has not found everything to her

mind; she could tell you, if she pleased, how possible it is to be deceived and disappointed in people who appear at one time to be devoted to you. Whatever your uncle may choose to say, there is no one equal to Alma. I don't say it's impossible to have more beauty, but I do say that I never saw any one who had such charming ways, or who made people get so fond of her; yet even Alma has not met in one quarter with the treatment she had a right to expect. You may well look surprised, my dear; but I am telling you this for a lesson, and also to show you that if I do seem a little over-anxious about my dear Alma's prospects, it is not without provocation. I am not a schemer; with such daughters as mine I have had no occasion to scheme; but I naturally could not sit still quietly under the idea that Alma had been neglected. Happily that trouble is over now, and as things are turning out I am more than satisfied. We can look on the old disappointment as a great escape now, for even if Mr. Antstice had behaved as he ought, and avoided quarrelling with his uncle, he would never have been as good a match as Horace Kirkman, and I should never have liked him half as well."

"But Alma—but Alma herself?" said Emmie, in a breathless whisper.

"Alma is convinced that a girl may very well be mistaken in choosing for herself; and that it would be mere perversity in her to go on preferring a person who has once failed her."

"Does Alma think he failed," said Emmie, still in a half whisper; "does she call *that* failing?"

"My dear, you know nothing about it," answered Lady Rivers, a little impatiently.

"A man of the world should know well enough that he has no right to aspire to a girl like Alma, unless he has something suitable to offer her, and if he wilfully throws away all his fine prospect for the sake of crochets and scruples, that half the world don't understand, what can one think of his affection for her? A girl of spirit cannot possibly permit herself to be so treated."

"But if she knew he loved her all the time," persisted Emmie, "and that he hoped she would understand him, and like him the better for standing up for what was right, even at the risk of not getting her at once, then—oh, Aunt Rivers, do you suppose Alma does not know that?"

"You are talking great nonsense, I think, Emmie, and growing quite excited again. What is the use of my taking drops if you look at me in that startling way, and

touch me with such a hot, trembling hand. I don't understand you at all to-night, and I wish I had never begun to talk to you. What can you know about Alma and Wynyard Anstice more than I have told you? How can you possibly form an opinion on the subject?—an ignorant child who has never been anywhere."

"I am sorry I touched you with a hot hand," said Emmie, no longer in a whisper, but in a tone cold enough to heal the burning touch of her fingers; "and I am sorry we began to talk, since it has disturbed you so much, Aunt Rivers. Perhaps I had better leave you for a little while, and send Ward to give you your afternoon tea."

"Yes, indeed, I think you had better go away, for you have not managed me at all well this afternoon, I must say, Emmie. Your uncle would have been quite surprised if he had heard the tone in which you spoke to me just now, and would have had less to say for the future about your sweetness of temper. However, you tell me you are sorry, and as I never take offence, I shall say no more about it, but allow you to come and read to me after I have had my tea, as usual, and you may give me a kiss before you go, if you like. You had better go down into the drawing-room, I think. I did say I would see Mrs. Kirkman, if she called to-day, but I hardly feel equal to the exertion now. Mrs. Kirkman's voice, and her musk, and the rustle she makes with her dress in moving about are very overpowering when one is not feeling strong. I should like you to speak to her for me, Emmie, and to tell her that I am sorry I cannot see her, and that Alma will certainly be back to-morrow in time to keep her engagement for the flower-show. Now, don't forget that part of the message, Emmie; and speak it as pleasantly as you can. There is no saying what good might not follow to your brothers, if Mrs. Kirkman were to take a fancy to you; and instead of looking proud and vexed, you ought to be grateful to me for giving you the chance of making a favorable impression on such an influential person."

Emmie gave the kiss required, with more reluctance than she had ever felt in bestowing a kiss, since long-past nursery days, when the servants in Saville Street had been wont to remark that Miss Emmie had a pride and a will of her own for all her sweet looks. Then she betook herself to the drawing-room, hoping in that ample space to walk off the excitement that was making her heart beat so quickly

and her cheek burn. She hoped devoutly that Mrs. Kirkman would not come just yet, not till she was in a fit state to meet her with the dignity and distance with which such an antagonist ought to be encountered. Her brothers, indeed! As if Harry and Casabianca were of the sort to need that their sister should curry favor with any one on their behalf. No, it would not do to think of that. Emmie's steps quickened and quickened, keeping pace with the rush of indignant feeling, till even the long drawing-room seemed a confined space to walk up and down in. Yet the thoughts that were waiting behind these surface ones were more agitating still—Alma—Mr. Anstice—that hint about Dr. Urquhart, which seemed to Emmie just then a cruel attempt to rob her of the one consoling spot in her life by bringing bitterness and confusion into the very land of Beulah itself.

She left off pacing the room at last, finding it did her no good, and went and stood in the window recess between two great pyramids of rare exotics in pots, that had been sent from the Golden Mount conservatories the day before, and were filling every corner of the drawing-room with their strong, spicy odors. It was raining out of doors a very deluge of rain, but even when standing quite close to the well-fitting double windows Emmie could only faintly catch the sound of the sweeping wind and rushing tempest, under which the trees in the Square garden were bending their black heads; while the foot-passengers on the pavement below cowered and fled to the nearest shelter. Outside in the storm seemed better to Emmie just then than inside among the flowers; and the contrast between within and without struck her with a curious, angry pain. She looked round the room: there on the piano was Alma's music lying scattered about, the songs she had sung two evenings ago to Horace Kirkman; here were the flowers breathing themselves out, as it seemed, to Emmie, in silent payment for those songs, and for the smiles that went with them. A confusion of thoughts whirled up into her brain, till she could almost have believed that the trumpet-shaped blossoms hanging round her changed themselves into veritable brazen trumpets, and were blaring out harsh sounds that summoned her, and her brothers, and all the world to come and bow down before the great Kirkman image of gold that Aunt Rivers had set up. Yet even this fantastic picture did not present itself coherently, for it seemed to Emmie

now that the trumpet-flowers had changed their note, and were calling on her to pass through a burning fiery furnace to save Alma from having to bow down. Gradually, however, her thoughts steadied, the flower-trumpets left off singing and swinging, and Emmie discovered a word, a sentence that remained clear in her mind when all the seething anger and the fancies had drawn themselves away: "Mr. Anstice ought to know, even if you have to tell him yourself; he ought to know the danger, and that Alma sometimes, if only sometimes, wishes to be saved from it." This was what conscience said at the end of all.

During the thickest of her fancies, Emmie had heard, without noticing, the stopping of a carriage before the front door; but now in the calm that had followed, the voice of her old enemy James announcing Mrs. Kirkman reached her understanding quite distinctly. It brought her out of her recess her ordinary self again, excepting only that she drew up her head a little higher than usual to encounter the entering visitor, and offered her hand without any appearance of shyness.

Mrs. Kirkman was somewhat surprised at the cold, dignified air with which Lady Rivers's message was delivered to her, but not being a person apt to take offence, it did not occur to her to be the least in the world quelled by it. She would have been quite ready to patronize one of Fra Angelico's angels if he had stepped alive towards her out of a picture, psaltery in hand, and to order him tickets for a concert or a dinner at the huge palace Mr. Kirkman had built at Kensington Park Gate, if it had occurred to her, from the scantiness of his tunic, that his purse was scantily filled. His angelic beauty and his airs of heaven would have had nothing awful about them for her.

"My dear, let me sit down," she said, "and then I can listen comfortably to what you have to say to me. The stairs in this house are rather steep compared to ours, which Mr. Kirkman had made on purpose to suit me, and my breath is just a little short. There!—I have untied my bonnet strings, and—yes, here is my fan—now I know you won't mind sitting down opposite me, and telling me exactly how my friend Lady Rivers is to-day. I have a right to be anxious; and Alma has told me who you are, and all about your making such a nice, quiet companion to your aunt while she is sick. You won't mind answering a few questions, will you, my dear?"

Emmie felt that she might just as well throw a bucket of water up at the sun, with a view of extinguishing its light at midday, as attempt to put out the radiant complacency of that large, motherly face by any frosts of reserve within her command. She had to give in without any show of resistance, and to submit to the squeezing of a fat hand laid over hers to emphasize the questioner's anxiety or relief at the information she elicited by a series of close inquiries such as Emmie could not imagine she would ever have ventured to put to Alma.

"You see I am so glad to have an opportunity of getting the truth from some one," Mrs. Kirkman remarked, after an interval of fanning. "Mr. Kirkman was getting fidgetty. He's a man that don't like to hear of sickness or death coming in to put back arrangements that he's set his mind upon. He ain't been used to it, for things always do seem to fall out as he wishes; and if by chance anything of the kind happens to hinder his plans, he's apt to get impatient, and fly off one don't know where. I would not say this before your cousin, but you will understand, my dear, why a serious illness of Lady Rivers would be a great inconvenience, and worse than an inconvenience to us just now. Oh, yes, I see you are quick enough to guess that it is not only of Mr. Kirkman I'm thinking; there's some one else who would dislike even more than he to be shut out from this house by anything untoward happening. You look a little surprised, my dear, at my speaking so plainly" (for Emmie had, in fact, raised her eyebrows with an expression that even Mrs. Kirkman could not quite overlook); "but I am a very frank, talkative person, and everybody who has to do with me must take me as I am; and though perhaps you mayn't know it, my dear Miss West, matters have gone so far between Eccleston Square and Kensington Park Gate that you and I may as well begin to look upon each other as relations at once. I hope you have not any objection, for I have not. I never had but one child—my Horace—who was from the first too sturdy a fellow to put up with much mother's petting; and I've always longed to get pretty young-girl things like you about me to make much of."

The full-blown, smiling face had got alarmingly near by this time. Emmie felt the warm, puffy breath on her cheek, and the paradise feather nodding into her eyes. She could not put up her hand and push it away, that would be too naughty and childish, however vehemently she might

wish such a course of action were possible. She could not even openly shrink, for it was a motherly face after all; she could only drop her chin an inch or so to save her pouting, quivering lips, and receive the sounding salute, when it came, in the middle of her forehead.

"There," said Mrs. Kirkman, laughing, and holding out both hands, "you'll know me again, my dear, when we meet next. Help me up from my seat, for I must be going; and I ain't as active as I used to be twenty years ago. I don't mind confessing it to you, but four sumptuous meals such as Mr. Kirkman will have put on the table every day at Kensington Park Gate ain't quite the thing for me, not being exactly what I was brought up to. Why, what a color I have given you! And it was only an old woman's kiss, after all — not deserving of such a pretty blush as that to come after it. You must take this fan of mine to cool your cheeks; it came from Paris only yesterday, and maybe you'll find more use for it than I shall. What! you say you had rather not take it? My dear Miss West, but you must. I'm not one to be said 'No' to. That's something I've learned of my husband; and seeing how well it has answered with him, I hold to the lesson. Besides, you need not be so shy; it's a pretty toy, I daresay, but I've a dozen others at home; and I really want you to keep this as a token that we are to be fast friends by-and-by, when — Well, as you shake your head, and don't seem to like me to say *when*, I won't finish my sentence, but leave it as a crow to be plucked between us on some gala day, when perhaps you'll be glad enough to escape with only my kisses; Mr. Kirkman not being the man to let off such a pretty bridesmaid as you'll make without giving him his due at his son's wedding."

Mrs. Kirkman had talked herself nearly to the door, and Emmie was following with a vain hope of being allowed to thrust the fan back into her hand at the last moment; when James's voice, announcing another guest, was heard close behind them, "Mr. Anstice."

It came like a thunderclap on Emmie, just because, ten minutes ago, she had been planning how she would act, and what she would say, if such an unlikely circumstance as Mr. Anstice's appearance on this, her last afternoon, should fall out. Oh, why had fate taken her so cruelly at her word, and put the task she was dreading upon her so soon, before she had well had time to summon up resolution for it? She quite

forgot her anxiety about the fan, and flitted back into the middle of the room before she took any notice of Mr. Anstice's entrance, feeling that the first necessity was to put as great a space as possible between herself and Mrs. Kirkman, and put an end to those dreadful innuendoes of which (terrible thought) he might possibly have overheard a word or two.

In a moment the drawing-room door shut behind Mrs. Kirkman, and then, before Emmie had settled it with herself that most likely he had not heard, she felt, rather than saw, for she dared not look up, that Mr. Anstice had brought a chair near to the sofa, on which she had seated herself, and was beginning to talk to her. Wynyard was surprised to find that her shyness continued after the first few moments, when he had tried his very best to put her at ease with him, by talking of Saville Street, and making flattering allusions to Katharine Moore, and to that discussion in Air Throne to which he had been made welcome. He grew quite concerned at her downcast looks and her silence. He was always very much at home with her himself, and had a tender, half-playful, half-affectionate feeling towards her — such as he might have felt towards a young sister, if fate had been so kind as to bestow such a treasure on him — a feeling full of repose and sweetness, without any of the excitement that Alma's presence brought. He thought he should very much like to make Emmie look up at him just now, and to comfort her if there was anything really amiss. It never occurred to him that the cause of her trouble could possibly react on him in any way, or be any concern of his.

"What is the matter?" he said at last, when there had been quite a moment's silence. "I don't think you listened to what I told you just now of my having met Casabianca in the street this morning, and I have a more important anecdote about him in store which I cannot possibly bring out unless you will look up and seem interested. Come, now, did we not make a bargain to tell each other of our grievances in this house? If you will begin, I will go on. Mine are quite serious, I assure you, and yours I am convinced cannot go beyond James and Casabianca's silver tray, for I gathered from Miss Rivers, when I called last week, that the whole household is at your feet since you came to stay here. Won't you look up and tell me?"

He was not at all prepared for the real pain in Emmie's eyes when she did look up.



"That lady who left the room as you came in," she began abruptly, "was Mrs. Kirkman. She has been sitting here, talking to me for a long time."

"Well," he said, a little puzzled, "she is a very good-natured person, is she not? I met her the other night at a *conversazione*, and she did not frighten me. I was even a little relieved, I think, to find her so big. It gives a reason for the Brobdingnagian palace they have built at Kensington Park Gate that reconciles one to it a little. She has not done anything very bad to you, I hope."

"She gave me a kiss," said Emmie, her lip quivering so piteously as she spoke, that the words came out with difficulty, and she had to pause to bring them into order for something else that was to follow.

Wynyard felt tempted to laugh for one second, the contrast between Emmie's extreme agitation, and the cause assigned to it struck him as so comical. Then all at once his very heart stood still, for a thought came like a flash of lightning, warning him of a blow that he must call up all his courage to meet manfully.

"You have something else to tell me," he asked slowly; "I should like to hear it at once if you don't mind."

"She said," Emmie went on, looking away and trying hard to empty her voice of significance; "she said she kissed me because we, she and I, were likely to be relations soon."

"And she meant —"

"Her son and — and —"

"Miss Rivers! Well, I did not think it would be that; not anything quite so bad as that."

The words were spoken so quietly that Emmie looked up relieved for a moment, and then she could not remove her pitying, remorseful eyes from the face (always a mirror of feeling), which told a great deal too plainly of the stress of the blow she had dealt. It was dreadful to see the pain, the look of death upon it. She felt like a murderess, as if she had really plunged a dagger into a living heart, and was watching the life-blood flow out. How was she to bring out the words, to which this information was meant only to lead up? There was no use in speaking them just now; he could not take them in till this life and death struggle was over.

It really lasted only for a second or two under her eyes. The instant Wynyard recovered himself enough to know that she was looking at him, he sprang up and moved away; her soft, pitying gaze seeming to carry a sting of agony with it

just then. In a minute or two, he thought, this live pain with which he was struggling for very existence, as it seemed, would be a dead one, dead with how much else of his very soul extinguished with it. He strolled to the piano where Alma had played to him on the evening when he had resolved to take up again the hope of winning her, and saw some music lying about with Horace Kirkman's name written on it in a bold hand. That sent him further away still to the window recess where he stood for some minutes among the flowers, inhaling their strong perfume without knowing at the time what the impression on his senses was, although similar odors remained hateful to him to his dying day, and always brought back something of the horror of confusion and pain he suffered then. It was not the loss of Alma only that was such a blow to him. He had, at least, believed himself to be prepared for that, ever since the change in his worldly prospects had altered their relations to each other, though there had never been any taking back of old admissions of preference by Alma herself. He had often thought of losing all future right in her, but this way of losing seemed to involve a great deal more than the actual loss in the future. It was a shattering of all the thoughts of her that dated from the first bright dawning of imaginative love in his boyhood when she had summed up perfection to him; a making all the past as empty as it seemed the coming years were to be. Alma and Horace Kirkman! He knew a little of Horace Kirkman, not one bad thing that could be said to stamp him as unworthy, but just a number of very small things which to Wynyard's mind revealed the man's character plainly enough: boastful speeches, little meannesses as the reverse side of ostentatious lavishness, a coarse word or two in an overheard conversation, showing, he thought, a nature that the Alma of his dreams would have shrunk from instinctively. How could his recollection of her stand out pure and clear by the side of this other utterly distasteful image? And Wynyard knew all the time that these were only first thoughts born of his own selfish pain. The pity for her, the longing to save her from what he knew would be misery in the end, the remorse for this first harsh judgment of her, the struggle to put her back in her supreme place, and worship the fallen idol as devoutly as ever, would all have to be gone through in their turn — long, long vistas of pain.

He was just rousing himself to the

thought of where he was, and to the necessity of getting away from a place where he was liable at any moment to encounter Alma herself, when he felt a timid touch on his arm, hardly a touch — it was more like the flutter of a little bird's wing hovering near; and looking round he saw Emmie standing by his side.

"I am going out of the room now," she said. "I would have gone before but — but — before I go I want to tell you why I repeated Mrs. Kirkman's words to you just now. I thought you ought to know — because —"

"You were quite right," said Wynyard gently, "and I thank you for it."

"Because," continued Emmie, who could only go straight on, and felt she should be lost if the prepared words were to slip from her, "because, though Mrs. Kirkman and Aunt Rivers say it is to be so — as I told you — Alma herself speaks differently. It was one night when she and I were sitting together alone; but" — she paused almost frightened at the change, the sudden, eager hopefulness that sprang into his face; "do you think I ought to repeat to you what Alma said to me alone?"

"You need not, thank you," said Wynyard, recovering himself after a struggle that had prevented words. "I understand enough to thank you with all my heart for caring enough for me — for her — to say what you have said, for giving me so much hope and trusting me so far. It may not make any difference, I think, now that I should have tried what remonstrance could do without it; but perhaps that is only because you have brought me back to life again. You said you were going, but I will go. I have intruded on you a great deal longer than I intended."

He had got to the door, leaving Emmie still standing among the flowers, when he turned suddenly and came back again. The color had returned into his face, and the dawning of a smile was making it look itself again. "I want you to come away from among Mr. Kirkman's flowers," he said, "for I think there is something poisonous about them, and I'm sure you don't like them any better than I do. And there is another thing I want. I want you to promise me never to blame yourself for what you said to-day; for your kindness to me, whatever comes of it, you must not."

In the midst of his own pain it had occurred to him, with that instinctive reading of a woman's heart only a very high-minded man is capable of, that she would perhaps recall that touch on his arm, those pitying looks she had given him; and when

the excitement of the occasion was over, suffer pangs of wounded reserve and pride on their account, and he wanted to save her from self-blame if he could.

"You must promise not to regret anything you have said this afternoon," he persisted.

"I will try," said Emmie, reading the kindness in his face, and feeling grateful, though her heart died under it like a weight.

Then he went, and she walked straight to the fireplace, and seated herself on the same low stool where Alma sat to read Agatha's letter on the evening of Constance's wedding-day. No idle tears, however, came to her to relieve her pain. She knew quite well that she had not time to cry. Aunt Rivers would ring her bell in a minute to summon her to give an account of Mrs. Kirkman's visit, and Emmie thought she had almost rather put out her eyes than let Aunt Rivers see them swollen with crying to-day. She pressed her fingers tightly over the dry, aching balls, and set her will to the task of seizing, and, as it were, repressing within the old bounds this strange, new self that had to-day performed feats, and spoken words she must not so much as think about again for a long, long time. To-morrow she should be at home, making tea for the boys at this hour in the little schoolroom, and having the prospect before her of discussing the weekly bills with Mary Ann in the course of the evening. Surely she should be quite herself again under that pressure, and need never let thoughts of what had happened here rise up to trouble her. Emmie's short experience of life had already taught her more self-control than she was usually credited with by those who only observed the sympathetic expression of her face. The victory over her agitation was quickly won, and when the bell summoned her she was ready to take into her aunt's room a face in which Lady Rivers was not able to detect any disturbance.

"So," she said, when Emmie had answered all her questions, "Mr. Anstice has been calling here again, has he? It is strange how slow some people are in finding out where they are not welcome. He must have seen the Kirkmans' carriage at the door, and Mrs. Kirkman herself. I wonder what he thought about it! Well, he will have to know the truth sooner or later, and it had better not be till all is quite satisfactorily settled, for I would not have Alma's mind disturbed just now for worlds. I think I shall write to Mr. Anstice myself then, a nice, sympathetic little

note, for after all he was very useful to Frank, and behaved particularly well when poor dear Melville got into that unlucky scrape at Oxford. I don't forget all *that*; but if I let him have early news of the engagement, and write to him myself, I don't see that he will have any right to consider himself ill used. He can't possibly be so selfish as to wish to stand between Alma and such a match as Horace Kirkman. He must surely see that he has nothing to offer comparable to that."

What Mrs. Kirkman, on her side, thought of Mr. Anstice, she was at that moment expounding to her son, whom she had come across at the corner of a neighboring square, and taken into the carriage during its transit across Hyde Park.

"Quite a high young man, and very handsome," she was saying. "I don't know how he comes to be calling so often at No. 17; but it strikes me that he looks very much at home in that house. He is not a relation of the Riverses, I know that, and though Miss Rivers and he were talking very intimately about old times and old friends one day when I came in, and found them together, I observed that she never called him anything but Mr. Anstice."

"Anstice," returned Horace crossly. "I know the man; a barrister and scribbler in the papers, and those who know him best, say that, clever as he is, he will never get very far, for he has a knack of always taking up the least workable side of every question. Christian socialism, temperance, I don't know what; notions that would drive my father wild, and cannot, I should think, go down any better with Sir Francis. I don't understand your being so particularly taken with his looks, mother!"

"Well, there's a something, but mind, Horace, I don't mean 'airs' when I say 'high.' It's a something I've never been able to put my finger upon yet. Money won't give it, nor yet education, for you've had the very best of that, you know. It's done a great deal for you, and put you in a better place than your father and me, as far as society goes, though, to be sure, you'll never be such a *man* as your father, but it has not given you quite the look and way with you that I've noticed in a few tiptop people, and though this Mr. Anstice may not have a penny to bless himself with, he's got *that*. I don't want to make you uneasy, Horace. I'm only telling you just what I see, and explaining why I think that if I were you I would try to get something settled in a certain quarter before very long. Your father hates a thing

to be long in hand, and would like to see you engaged to-morrow, and married by the end of the month if it could be done, and we know well enough what Sir Francis's and Lady Rivers's wishes are. It's only the young lady herself."

"Only," cried Horace, turning away his head, and looking out of the window.

"Well, I never knew you backward in asking for anything you wanted before, my boy."

"Perhaps I never wanted anything before so much as this," returned the young man, to whom love was already giving more effective lessons in humility, the root of good manners, than his various teachers through a long and expensive education had been able to instil.

"Your father thought he was asking for a good deal when he came for me," said Mrs. Kirkman, smiling, and putting a big hand on her son's shoulder, "for I was his master's daughter, and had plenty of suitors after me. Shall I tell you what I had been thinking for a good while before he spoke? there now—that he was not quite the man I had taken him for at first, or he would not have waited so long. He found me ready enough, and though, as I said before, you aren't your father, you're his son, and Kirkmans have generally got what they really set their minds upon ever since I have known anything of the family. Miss Rivers left word that she should not fail to be at home in time to go with us to the Botanical Gardens to-morrow afternoon, and you have only to give me a look or a squeeze of the foot at any minute, and I will manage to keep out of the way."

"I sha'n't give you a look or a squeeze of the foot, you may be satisfied, mother," said Horace. "I could not do it to command in that fashion, and yet, perhaps, you are right about the time, and I wish with all my heart that it were well over. But here we are at Kensington Park Gate, and there is my father's brougham at the door before us."

This conversation was one of the consequences that resulted from Emmie's hour in the drawing-room at Eccleston Square. A second result came to Alma in the form of a letter by the eight o'clock evening post on the following day while Emmie was making tea for the children in the back sitting-room at home, and wondering as she listened to the latest anecdotes and most recent Saville Street witticisms as retailed by Mildie and Casabianca, why her fortnight's absence should have stretched such a gulf between her and

these once absorbing topics. When the note was brought to her, Alma was alone in the drawing-room, waiting till she could make up her mind to go to her mother's room, where she was due, and make an announcement to her which it was doubtless also her mother's due to hear, before the event that had to be communicated was another hour old. Alma was trying to make herself believe that she looked forward to the caresses and praises which might be expected to follow her news. She ought to be glad to know that in a minute or two more she would bring so much satisfaction, such happiness to her mother. She ought not to shrink from the triumphant jubilee there would be made over her. It was the reward she had to look to, and reasonably she should be in a hurry to taste it. Just then the letter was brought to her, and she took it and held it in her hand, looking at it by the firelight stupidly as one does look at a well-known handwriting that one has not seen for a long time. How familiar it was, and how strange! Dreading what there might be inside the letter, Alma gave herself five minutes in which to recall the pictures that the look of those characters on the envelope brought back to her. Her school-room exercise books, when she was thirteen or fourteen, which had had many pages in a handwriting only a little less formed than that. Pages scribbled off in some great press of schoolroom business to secure her being able to join some boating or nutting excursion for which the others had gone off to prepare without thinking of her troubles. How exhilarating the run down to the river, hand in hand, used to be when the task was done! How happy one dared be without thinking of consequences in those days! And again the letters that had come day by day, when Frank had been taken ill with small-pox abroad; and only one member of the reading party to which he belonged had dared to stay in the infected spot to nurse him, and write the bulletins that had brought at first such dismay, and then relief and thankfulness. Alma remembered the position on the pages of these letters where sentences had occurred, which had first made her know that she was in the writer's mind, while he penned them, that he was thinking of her anxiety more than of any other person's, that it was to herself rather than to Frank the devotion was paid. Yes, and it was a look she had seen on her mother's face, while reading one of the letters, that had confirmed her own impression, and permitted her to carry it as

a treasure in her heart through all those anxious days. With this recollection, Alma did what she knew she must never do again, scarcely remember henceforth from this evening; she lifted the envelope to her face, and laid her lips on the writing for an instant. It was a good-bye, only that, a good-bye to the poetry, to the romance of her life. Henceforth there would be solid substance for her — plenty of that. Was not Moloch the god of riches, and did not people in old times drop their children through his outstretched brazen hands into the consuming fire beneath that was his heart? Was it so much to drop one's fancies, one's aspirations, the first flower-like feelings of one's heart, through those hands to be burnt up? Surely they would burn without more wailing and demonstration of grief than the trumpets and shawms playing in the Valley of Tophet would drown. Then Alma broke open the seal of the letter, and read: —

"MY DEAR ALMA, — I shall address you in the old style once more, whether I have a right to do so or not; for it is only while recalling old privileges, old unrevoked admissions of yours that I feel I have any claim to speak as I am going to speak now. Of course a word from you would silence me forever, but I recollect that I have never had that word. Your mother made me understand some time ago that the change in my worldly prospects after my uncle's death must be held to put an end to the hopes she well knew I had long cherished, and not without her sanction, respecting yourself. She was very angry, and I was very much astonished, for I did not know before that it was the supposed heir of my uncle's money, and not Wynyard Anstice, who was welcomed to your home. I tried hard to nourish resentment and to believe it could kill love, but you delivered me from that delusion on the evening when we talked together over Agatha's profession, and you once more condescended to let me see *yourself* as you are when the world lets you alone. Since then I have permitted myself to hope again, and this is my hope, that you will let your heart speak to you apart from other considerations and fears. I am the same as I was in the days when you looked kindly on me, when you let me see the dawn of what I believed was to be the crown and glory of my life — your preference for me. I love you as much more now than then, as a man who has struggled and suffered something can love, more



than a boy who is beginning to love, and the love of then and now is one unbroken, undying growth. I have proved to myself and can prove to your father and you that as far as considerations of prudence go, I am fit to be trusted with the care of your future. I cannot, it is true, now offer you the riches you might have elsewhere, but besides the love, of which I shall not trust myself to speak much at present, I can promise you something more than the proverbial dinner of herbs. I do not think it likely that I shall ever make a great fortune, but I have health and resolution and aptitude for my own sort of work, and I have been successful in a moderate way so far. I have confidence in your father that he would not oppose your wishes if only they were heartily enlisted on my side. Question them, dearest Alma, straightly to-night. I am not pleading selfishly. I would not, or at least I think I would not have you if you could be — I don't say more prosperous, — but happier, more blessed with any one else, only I don't believe there breathes a man who could love you as I could. With that tremendous boast I must end. In spite of it, heaven knows I am humble enough, fearful enough, and as well aware as I can be of what it is I am asking you to do. If your heart stirs towards me, if it is only a little, give it time to speak. I will wait indefinitely, for I fear nothing so much as a hasty verdict. Yours, as I have always been since I first knew you,

"WYNARD ANSTICE."

Nearly an hour passed after Alma finished reading, before she betook herself to her mother's room, and as it was then past nine o'clock, she found Lady Rivers, as might indeed have been expected, in a very plaintive state on the score of having been left to her own company for such a length of time.

"I have been coughing all the evening, and I have wanted my drops since Ward left me," she began, directly Alma entered. "I miss poor little Emmie West sadly, and I did think you would have made a point of coming to sit with me and read me to sleep on the first evening of my being alone, especially as, so far as I can make out, there has been nothing to keep you down-stairs. Ward said that a letter had been taken in to you, but you left the Kirkmans only just before you dressed for dinner, so it cannot have been anything of importance!"

"The letter was nothing you would care to hear about, mamma," answered Alma.

"But let me sit down near you on the bed, dear mother. I am sorry that your cough has been troublesome, and that I was not here to give you your drops when Ward went down to her supper, especially as I have something to tell you now that we are alone."

"My darling Alma!" cried Lady Rivers, stretching out her arms.

"Yes, mamma," said Alma, without however bending her head an inch from the stately height at which she held it, "it is that — Mr. Horace Kirkman spoke to me this afternoon while we were walking in the gardens, and —"

"Alma, be quick, child! What is the matter? You accepted him, of course?"

"I did not refuse him, mother. Yes, I suppose it was a virtual acceptance; they are sure to interpret it so; but I asked that we might have a little more time to know each other before my acceptance was considered quite final and made known beyond our two families. I felt this to be fair to him, mother, as well as to myself. When he understands the nature of my feelings a little better, he may not be satisfied, and if I am to sell myself, at all events I should like it to be an honest bargain."

"Alma, do you want to kill me by saying such unkind things, just when we ought to be so happy and thankful? Sold! what can you mean? Horace Kirkman is sincerely attached to you, in fact, absolutely devoted to you. However rich he had been I should not, you know, have wished you to marry one who was not that."

"I believe he is that, mamma."

"And your father thinks well of him, and he is enormously rich, one of the best matches in England just now. Lady Amhurst told Constance only last week that Horace Kirkman might have chosen his wife from almost any of the noble families in England where there are many daughters."

"I wonder he did not."

"He fell in love with you, Alma, directly he was introduced to you, and will not hear of marrying any one else. Mrs. Kirkman told me this so long ago as when we went to Golden Mount for Christmas. Oh, Alma! you ought to think yourself a lucky girl — you ought to be thankful!"

"Let us begin then, mamma," said Alma; "let us be very happy about it. I reckoned a great deal on satisfying you."

"But the delay, the risk, — I don't like that part. Why could you not have put an end to all anxiety by accepting him outright to-day? It would only have been what the

Kirkmans will consider his due, and you would have been in a better position with the old people than you will ever be after this hesitation. I too should have been at rest, and could have got well then."

"I did what I could, mamma," said Alma, the tears rising in her eyes; "you must not press me any further; indeed I thought of you, and hoped you would be happy."

Lady Rivers stretched out her arms again, and again took them back empty.

"You talk of my being happy," she said plaintively, "but it is my children's happiness I want after all — nothing but that — and I can't help having my own views about what will be best for them, Alma, when I have such an example of the miseries of poverty before my eyes forever, as your poor aunt West shows us all. It may have made me over anxious, a little pressing, perhaps, but you ought not to resent it; you should consider how natural it is that I should dread the same wretchedness for my own children that I see in my poor sister. If you, Alma, were to come down to letting lodgings, I should turn in my grave, I think, if I had been dead twenty years."

"You will bring the cough back, I am afraid, mamma," said Alma, "if you talk so excitedly. I had better read a few verses to you, as Emmie used to do, to compose you, and then I will say good-night, leaving the rest of our talk till to-morrow morning when we shall both be calmer."

Alma hurriedly took up the first book that came to hand as she spoke, a Bible from which Emmie West, continuing home habits, had been used to read a chapter or a Psalm to her aunt before leaving for the night; and she opened it haphazard, meaning to read the first sentence or two on which her eye fell. "And the rich man lifted up his eyes being in torments, and saw Lazarus afar off." Alma turned the page quickly. She must not read *that* as a sedative to her mother's dread of *post-mortem* anxiety. To put her in mind that things might look so differently in her grave as to make poverty no longer the supreme terror, would hardly conduce to her sleep just now. Apparently Emmie West had greater skill in finding composing passages than Alma, for somehow, as she turned page after page in search of a calming sentence, she thought that the whole book was written through and through with warnings and exhortations against worldliness and the love of riches; such warnings as would be a mere blow in

the face when spoken by her lips to her mother that night. After five minutes' search she laid the book down in despair.

"After all I think I had better ring for Ward to come and read you to sleep," she said; "she is not a good reader, but you say the sound of her voice makes you drowsy, and I am sure the sooner you sleep and the less you think to-night the better it will be for you." Then Alma got up from the bed and after ringing the bell wished her mother good-night and left the room.

"Without one kiss to her mother on the day when she had engaged herself to be married," Lady Rivers reflected bitterly, chewing the cud of sad thoughts as she lay waiting for Ward, who was enjoying a cheerful gossip with James down-stairs over the symptoms of coming change, death, and marriage, in the household. She lay regretting Emmie West, and recalling little anecdotes that had come out in Emmie's talks about her home, which suggested a very different state of things between her and her mother. Lady Rivers could not possibly be capable of envying a person who let lodgings, and yet, all through a sleepless night when she tried to comfort herself by picturing the splendors of Alma's marriage, her thoughts perpetually strayed away from the fascinating theme to wonder how Emmie would look and speak, and what sort of fondling and caressing there would be between the mother and the daughter, when she came to tell poor sister West of some marriage engagement that certainly would not, like Alma's, claim a sentence to itself in all the morning papers.

---

From Blackwood's Magazine.

#### THE TROUBLES OF A SCOTS TRAVELLER.

IF the reader be neither an ignorant fool nor a proud knave; if he be neither a villain, a ruffian, a momus, a carper, a critic, a buffoon, a stupid ass, nor a gnawing worm, he may read with amusement the travels\* of one of the most adventurous spirits that Scotland ever sent forth; but if he be any of these, then the traveller, who is his own biographer, bids him go hang himself. With rare modesty, he tells us in his prologue how he knows his

\* A most dilectable and true discourse of an admired and painfull peregrination from Scotland to the most famous kingdomes in Europe, Asia, and Africa, etc., etc. By William Lithgow. London: Printed by Nicolas Oakes, dwelling in Fetter Lane. 1623.

history will, to the wise, be welcome; to the profound historian yield knowledge, contemplation, and direction; and to the understanding gentleman insight, instruction, and recreation. Having thus taken criticism by the horns, he shows how, in his opinion, his talents as a traveller and writer should be appreciated, by publishing, immediately after his prologue, some verses by three of his friends, one of whom tells him that his work,

In subject, frame, in method, phrase, and style,  
May match the most unmatched in this isle.

Our autobiographer then proceeds to develop one of the most marvellous stories of adventure ever told; in which, though the fabulous in history is strangely mingled with the true in travel, we may without much difficulty dis sever the fables due to the ignorance of the time from the real and striking adventures of the hero of the tale. And if to have

by the great providence of God, escaped infinite dangers; by sea, suffering thrice shipwrecks; by land, in woods, and on mountains, often invaded; by ravenous beasts, crawling and venomous worms, daily encumbered; by home-bred robbers, and remote savages, five times stripped to the skin; excessive fatigues, unspeakable adversities, parching heats, scorching drought, intolerable distresses of hunger, imprisonments, and cold:

if all this endured is not sufficient, at least the sufferings of the dungeon and the rack at the hands of the Spanish Inquisition have so rarely found a narrator in the person of one who has undergone them, that our indomitable traveller can scarcely be denied an exceptional claim to our attention.

Who or what William Lithgow was by birth he does not himself tell us; nor has his origin been handed down to posterity. We know that he was a Scotsman, born in Lanark; and he must have been possessed of considerable means; for although he describes his journeyings as having been traced over by his "painful feet," yet he never seems to have been without money for his wants. He tells us that in the stripling age of his youth, he made two voyages to the Orkney and Shetland Isles, and thereafter surveyed all Germany, Bohemia, Helvetia, and the Low Countries from end to end, before visiting Paris, where he remained ten months. His Scots associates in Paris were men of good family; and when he left that city on the 7th March 1609, among those who escorted him a short distance on his way, he names "Monsieur Hay of Smithfield,

now esquire of his Majesty's body-guards." From Paris he went to Rome; "committing his feet to the hard bruising way," and apparently now, as in all his subsequent journeys, by choice travelling as a pedestrian. In Rome he seems to have found only one good thing, the *lachrymæ Christi*. "I drew so hard," he says, "at that same weeping wine, till I found my purse began to weep also; and if time had not prevented the sweetness of such tears, I had been left for all the last a miserable mourner." But of all else in Rome his abuse knows no stint; for he is in the very heart of the "snarling crew of snakish Papists," against whom he is never tired of railing. In no unmeasured terms he expresses his opinion of the abominations of Rome, and it is probable that he spoke out more freely than was palatable there; for he relates how the streets and gates were watched for him, and how he was hidden by a compatriot for three days in the palace of the old Earl of Tyrone, escaping on the fourth midnight by leaping the walls. Throughout Lithgow's book we are constantly meeting the most violent tirades against the Papists; and the mixture of fanatical religious zeal with a thorough enjoyment of a broad joke and a love of good living, constitutes one great charm of the narrative. He was not at all above enjoying his journey from Rome to the Chapel of our Lady of Loretto with two gentlemen of Rome, and the two "vermillion nymphs" who accompanied them, who, "to let me understand they travelled with a cheerful stomach, would often run races, skipping like wanton lambs on grassy mountains, and quenching their follies in a sea of unquenchable fantasies;" but his scorn of them for pulling off their shoes and stockings to enter the "ten thousand times polluted chapel" is of the strongest; and the event gives him theme for a long dissertation upon idolatry, and for a couplet which, we think, stands unrivalled even amongst the many bad verses sprinkled throughout the narrative:—

To Loret people haunt with naked feet,  
Whom religion moves with love's fervent  
sp'rit.

Accompanied by a friend, Lithgow now proceeded to Venice, landing just in time to find a grey friar burning at St. Mark's Pillar, and to see "the half of his body and right arm fall flatlings in the fire." The story of the friar's offence will scarcely bear repetition here; but it so tickled the fancy of our travellers that, before they either ate, drank, or took their lodging,

they went to visit the monastery whence "the lady prioress and the rest of her voluptuous crew," who had shared in the friar's iniquities, had been banished. The description of the customs of Venice is most curious; and one sentence reads somewhat painfully to us Britons of the present day: "The Venetians, howsoever of old they have been great warriors, they are now more desirous to keep than enlarge their dominions; and that by presents of money, rather than by the sword of true valor." A few years later the crows were flocking to the carcass of the enfeebled republic, bloated with money, and having lost the *prestige* which had made it unrivalled in the world. For one thing Venice was particularly welcome to our traveller. "I commend," he writes, "the devotion of Venice and Genoa beyond all the other cities in Italy; for the Venetians have banished the Jesuits out of their territories and islands, and the Genoese have abandoned the society of Jews, and driven them from their jurisdiction." At Venice, too, as at Rome, the Jews were made to wear red-and-yellow hats for notice' sake, to distinguish them from others; "which necessary custom, would to God, were enjoined to all the Papists here in England. so should we easily discern them from the true Christians."

To Venice, after some travels in Lombardy, and three months spent in learning Italian at Padua, Lithgow returned; and thence, after having waited twenty-four days for a passage, he at last embarked for the Dalmatian coast. The master had no compass to direct his course, neither was he expert in navigation, so it is no wonder that they made another port than the one for which they had sailed; but at last they reached Zara, strongly garrisoned by Venetian soldiery, and into which no infidel was allowed to enter, unless after giving up his weapons at the gate. From Zara, in an open boat manned by five Slavonian mariners, who sometimes rowed and sometimes sailed, Lesina was reached, where the governor of the island accompanied Lithgow to see a wonderful monster, surpassing either the Siamese twins or the two-headed nightingale, "for below the middle part there was but one body, and above the middle there was two living souls, each one separated from another with several members." The child or children's father, who is described as "that sorrowful man," informed them that when the one slept the other awaked, which was a strange disagreement in nature. After a chase by a barbarian man-of-war of

Tunis, carrying two tier of ordinance and two hundred men, and having been saved only by night's darkness, our traveller reached Ragusa, then a republic, paying tribute both to the Turks and to the Venetians; where he noted the curious proof of the semi-European, semi-oriental character of the place in the method of wearing the hair; "the most part of the civil magistrates having but half of the head bare, but the vulgar sort being all shaven, like the Turks." Corfu was next visited, and the singular precaution taken for the safety of its two fortresses is described.

Lest by the instigation of the one captain, the other should commit any treasonable effect, the governors of castles, at their election before the senators of Venice, are sworn neither privately nor openly to have mutual conference, nor to write to one another for two years, which is the space of their government.

The Grecian *carmoesalo*, in which, with forty-seven fellow-passengers, Greeks, Slavonians, Italians, Armenians, and Jews, our traveller next embarked for Zante, sighted, when off Cephalonia, a Turkish galley making straight to assail her. The affrighted master sought counsel of his fellow-passengers, most of whom, being confident their friends would pay their ransom, counselled rather to surrender than to fight. But our wandering pilgrim pondering in his pensive breast his solitary estate, the distance of his country and his friends, could conceive no hope of deliverance from slavery. Whereupon he "absolutely arose," and bade the master prepare his two pieces of ordinance, his muskets, powder, lead, and half-pikes, encourage his passengers, and promise his mariners double wages—"for who knoweth but the Lord may deliver us from the thralldom of these infidels?" This counsel taken, and preparations having been made to make combat below rather than on deck "both to save them from small shot, and besides for boarding them on a sudden," the doors having been fastened down, every one in his station, and the Almighty having been invoked, the combat began.

In a furious spleen, the first hola of their courtesies was the progress of a martial conflict, thundering forth a terrible noise of galley-roaring pieces; and we, in a sad reply, sent out a back-sounding echo of fiery flying shot, which made an equivox to the clouds, rebounding backwards in our perturbed breasts the ambiguous sounds of fear and hope.

Night parted the combatants, a tempest separated them; and the brave vessel,



leaking heavily, put into the Bay of Largarastolo (Argostoli) Cephalonia. Three Italians, two Greeks, and two Jews had been killed, eleven others wounded, and our adventurous Lithgow hurt in the right arm. The survivors gave thanks to the Lord for their unexpected safety, buried the dead Christians in a Greekish churchyard, and interred the Jews by the seaside.

From Cephalonia to Zante, which gives rise to the following burst of moral indignation against the English love of plum-puddings. The immense sum made by the traffic in currants — more than £80,000 yearly — having been named, it is called

a rent or sum of money which these silly islanders could never afford, if it were not for some liquorish lips here in England of late, who, forsooth, can hardly digest bread, pasties, broth, and (*verbi gratia*) bag-puddings without these currents. And as these rascal Greeks, becoming proud of late with this lavish expense, condemn justly this sensual prodigality, I have heard them often demand the English, in a filthy derision, what they did with such liquorish stuff, and if they carried them home to feed their swine and hogs withal. A question indeed worthy of such a female traffic; the inference of which I suspend: there is no other nation, save this, thus addicted to that miserable isle.

We must pass over the journey with a Greek caravan across the Morea from Patras to Athens, and the reflections to which it gives birth, and hasten on by way of Cerigo to Crete, where new and striking adventures befell the traveller at the very outset of his journey. Having landed at Grabusa, he started to walk to Canea, much against the advice of the governor of the fort.

Scarcely was I advanced twelve miles on my way, when I was beset on the skirt of a rocky mountain with three Greek murdering renegades, and an Italian bandito; who laying hands on me, beat me most cruelly, robbed me of my clothes, and stripped me naked, threatening me with many grievous speeches.

At last the Italian, to whom he had spoken in his own tongue, having searched his clothes and *budgeto*, and found no money except eighty *bagantines*, scarcely two groats English — for he had knowingly “put his money in exchange” before leaving Grabusa — came across his letters of recommendation from divers princes of Christendom, amongst others from the duke of Venice. These moved the Italian to compassion, and he induced the other brigands to give him back his pilgrim's clothes and his letters; but they kept his blue gown and his *bagantines*, giving him

a stamped piece of clay as a token to show any of their companions whom he might meet on the road. But his troubles were not over. “Leaving them with many counterfeit thanks,” he travelled that day thirty-seven miles, and at night attained to the unhappy village of Pickehorno, where he could have neither meat, drink, lodging, nor any refreshment for his wearied body. The people crowded round him with desperate looks. A pitiful woman told him he was likely to be killed; so he stole forth in the dark night, and lay down till morning in a cave by the seaside, “with a fearful heart, a crazed body, a thirsty stomach, and a hungry belly.”

But the adventurous spirit still sought fresh adventure. Safely arrived at Canea, which was carefully guarded by seven companies of soldiers of the Venetian republic, Lithgow must needs mix himself up in the affairs of another, and so get into new trouble. The story is such a curious example of the conditions of the time as to be worth relating at some length. During Lithgow's stay at Canea, six Venetian galleys arrived, on one of which was a young French Protestant gentleman, who had been condemned to the galleys for life for having taken part in a brawl in which a Venetian nobleman had been killed. He was allowed by the captain of the galley to come ashore, carrying an iron bolt on his leg and in charge of a keeper; and his tears and account of the persecution to which, as a Protestant, he was subject, so moved Lithgow's sympathetic and anti-Papal spirit, that he resolved to deliver him. The difficulty was to get rid of the keeper; but Lithgow invited him to the wine, “where, after tractal discourses, and deep draughts of Leatic, reason failing, sleep overcame his senses.” Then Lithgow clad the Frenchman in an old gown and a black veil that he had borrowed from his laundress, and took him out into the fields, whence he directed him to a Greek convent, known as “the Monastery of Refuge,” where he would be detained till the men-of-war arrived from Malta — it being a custom of the Maltese vessels returning from the Levant to touch here to carry away refugees. On his road back to the town, Lithgow met two English soldiers — John Smith and Thomas Hargrave — who had come to warn him that the officers of the galleys were searching for him. They advised him to enter by the eastern gate, which was guarded that day by three other English soldiers and eight French soldiers; and these all accompanied him as an escort to the Ital-

ian monastery, where he lodged. Four officers and six galley-soldiers tried to seize him; but the English and French drew their swords and resisted, mortally wounding two of the officers of the galleys, while Lithgow ran off with John Smith to the monastery, where he remained under safeguard of the cloister until the galleys were gone, when he started to make a tour of the island.

His descriptions of people and of things in Crete are most amusing. He gravely accepts the cave pointed out to him as the labyrinth of Dædalus; he computes that Mount Ida is six miles in height; but he scorns "the darkness of cloudy inventions" in such fables as that if a woman in Crete bite a man anything hard, he will not recover, or that if a certain herb is chewed, hunger shall not be felt for four-and-twenty hours. He notes, with a sharp incisive touch, the dress, the manners, and the habits of the men; and attributes the light conduct of the women to "the nature of the soil and climate." His return to Canea was marked by another kindness on the part of his friend Smith, the English soldier. One night, when Lithgow was at supper in a sutler's, Smith came, with three Italian soldiers, to warn him that there was an Englishman named Wolson in the town, who said that his elder brother had been killed at Burntisland, in Scotland, by one called Keere; and that, notwithstanding Keere had been beheaded, Wolson had sworn to kill the first Scotsman he met; and having heard of Lithgow being in the place, he had resolved to stab him, as he went home that night, asking the English soldiers to help him. Smith, Hargrave, and Horsperld had refused, but Cook and Rollands had yielded. However, Smith and the Italians safely conducted Lithgow to his bed, and Wolson, finding that his design was discovered, and probably being an arrant coward, fled from Canea. It was not long before Lithgow was able cheaply to reward Smith for his kindness on these two occasions. Smith had enlisted at Venice as a soldier for Crete, "where, when transported, he found his captain's promise and performance different, which forced him at the beginning to borrow a little money off his lieutenant." At the end of five years, Smith, unable to discharge his debt, was handed over by his captain to the captain who relieved him, and who paid the old captain his money, and the same again at the end of a second five years. Thus Smith, who was anxious to regain his liberty, was now completing

his fifteenth year of bondage. Lithgow paid his debt, got leave for him to depart, and embarked him in a Flemish ship, whose master was one John Allan of Glasgow. The debt for which he had served fifteen years was forty-eight shillings.

In spite of his hatred of the priests, Lithgow had not disdained to live in a monastery at Canea; and he admits that, had it not been for his desire to continue his voyage, he would gladly have stayed longer, "in regard of their great cheer and deep draughts of Malvoise, received hourly, and often against my will." There were four friars, only one of whom was a mass-priest, and he was "so free of his stomach to receive in strong liquor, that, for the space of twenty days of my being there, I never saw him, nor any one of the other three, truly sober." This was the life of the monastery. "Every night after supper the friars forced me to dance with them, either one gagliard or another. Their music in the end was sound drunkenness, and their syncope turned to spew up all; and their bed converted to a board or else the hard floor; for these beastly swine were nightly so full that they had never power to go to their own chambers, but where they fell there they lay till morn."

From Crete Lithgow cruised among the islands of the Levant, taking passage in such small boats as he could find. Storm-bound for sixteen days at Angusa, he lived in a little Greek chapel, even cooking his food there, and sleeping in the sanctuary; shipwrecked on the island of Scio, and living "for three days without either meat or drink," in a cave, but saving his *coffino*, with his papers and linen therein; rescued on the fourth day by fishermen; again chased by Turkish galliots off Negroponte, and compelled by the untoward Greeks to stand sentinel every night for six nights on the top of a high promontory near the inlet where the boat took shelter, it being the time of a snowy and frosty winter,—he never lost heart, but in his night watchings composed some of those execrable verses which he considers the most perfect poetry, and in which he thus makes his will:—

To thee, sweet Scotland, first,  
My birth and breath I leave;  
To heaven my soul, my heart King James,  
My corpse to lie in grave.

My staff to pilgrims I,  
And pen to poets send;  
My haircloth robe, and half-spent goods  
To wandering wights I lend.

From the hands of the Greek crew who detained his *budgeto*, and made him act as permanent sentry, he was saved by two exiled Venetian gentlemen, who belabored the captain of the ship, and presented Lithgow with forty sequins of gold. He next went to Salonica, then the great university for the Jews, where he says "they speak vulgarly and maternally the Hebrew tongue, man, woman, and child, and not elsewhere in the world." Thence to Tenedos, to the plains of Troy, and to Constantinople, where he received a welcome, which is not without its moral in the present day.

Bidding farewell to the Turks who had kindly used me three days, in our passage from the Castles, the master of the boat saying "*Adio Christiano*," there were four French runagates standing on the quay, who, hearing these words, fell desperately upon me, blaspheming the name of Jesus, and throwing me to the ground, beat me most cruelly; and if it had not been for my friendly Turks, who leaped out of their boat, and relieved me, I had there doubtless perished. The other infidels standing by said, "Behold, what a Saviour thou hast, when these that were Christians, now turned Mohammedans, cannot abide nor regard the name of thy God!"

His wounds having been anointed in a Greek lodging, where he was kindly received, and where all recompense was refused, Lithgow paid his respects to Sir Thomas Glover, the British ambassador, and was entertained by him for three months in his house, where at the same time was staying the duke of Moldavia, who had been deprived of his principalities, and whom, when all the other ambassadors had refused to entertain him, Sir Thomas Glover took in, furnishing him with money and other necessaries of his condition. No higher character could be given than that which Lithgow awards to this English ambassador. "He relieved more slaves from the galleys, paid their ransoms, and sent them home freely to their Christian stations, and kept a better house than any ambassador did that ever lay at Constantinople, or ever shall, to the world's end."

Our object being to trace the personal adventures of our hero, we can devote no space to his interesting accounts of the Turkish customs and religion, or to his quaint account of Mahomet, and of his imposing upon "the old Trot," as he calls the prophet's first wife. We must pass on to his next voyage; when, embarking in the spring, he sailed in the "*Allathya*" of London from Constantinople to Smyrna

in twelve days; thence along the coast of Asia Minor to Rhodes in a Turkish coasting vessel; and then, another twelve days' voyage, to Cyprus. Here, on his return to Famagusta from a visit made to the interior of the island, he encountered some Turks, who, because he refused them his mule to ride upon, pulled him by the heels from the mule's back, beat him unmercifully, and left him almost dead. His interpreter fled, and some Greeks saved him from perishing where he lay. From Cyprus to Tripoli; and here we may note what, in these days of Turkish ironclad men-of-war, is a curiously interesting opinion, based on Lithgow's personal experience of Turkish sailors:—

The natural Turks [he says] were never skilful in managing of sea-battles, neither are they expert mariners, or experienced gunners. If it were not for our Christian runagates, French, English, and Flemings, and they too, sublime, accurate, and desperate fellows, who have taught the Turks the art of navigation, and especially the use of ammunition, which they both carry to them, and then become their chief cannoners, the Turks would be as weak and ignorant at sea as the silly Ethiopian is inexpert in handling of arms on the land.

Every word of that is as true to-day as it was when written two hundred and fifty years ago.

At Tripoli Lithgow was obliged to wait a long time for a caravan to Aleppo; so he took the opportunity, with three Venetian merchants, to visit the cedars of Lebanon, a day's journey off. Losing their way among the rocks, two of their asses fell over a precipice and broke their necks, and they themselves fell into snowdrifts, and were nearly drowned in a torrent; but at last they safely reached the patriarch's house, and were hospitably entertained. From Tripoli our traveller proceeded with a caravan of Turks to Aleppo, where he had hoped to find a caravan for Babylon: but it had already started; and though he hired a janissary and three soldiers as escort, and tried to overtake it, it had already departed three days before his arrival at Beersheke on the Euphrates. His disappointment was great; and his muse expresses what his sorrowful prose cannot perform:—

My treach'rous guide

Did nought but cross me; greed led him aside.  
Still this — still that I would. All I surmise  
Is shrewdly stopt. At last my scopes devise  
To make a boat, to bear me down alone,  
With drudges two, to ground — chang'd Babylon.

That could not be; the charges was too great;  
And eke the stream did nought but dangers  
threat.

My conduct still deceiv'd me, made it square  
Another caravan, O! would come here  
From Aleppo or Damascus; till in end  
Most of my monies did his knavery spend.  
Thus was I toss'd long five weeks and four  
days

With struggling doubts.

At last he complained to the authorities,  
and they compelled the janissary to take  
him back to Aleppo. There he laid his  
tale before the Venetian consul, who took  
him to the bashaw. The pasha was an  
upright man, and took the side of the trav-  
eller. The janissary was put in prison,  
and made to restore to Lithgow all the  
money he had received;

And for his ten weeks' fees, no more he had  
Than he that's owner of a ditch-fall'n jade.

In Captain Burnaby's "Ride through  
Asia Minor," we read of adventures very  
similar to those of Lithgow, in the at-  
tempted extortions by his servants, and  
the difficulties of travel; and in Lithgow's  
work we see the same powerful influence  
exercised by the consuls as at the present  
day. But in those days Venice had the  
greatest power, and had that first place in  
commerce and in influence, which her sub-  
sequent trust in "money rather than in the  
sword of true valor," caused her to lose.

Leaving Aleppo, where he was much  
struck by the carrier-pigeons, which took  
messages from Aleppo to Babylon in forty-  
eight hours, Lithgow reached Damascus  
in a nine days' journey with a great car-  
avan of some fifteen hundred persons, ac-  
companied by one hundred soldiers as  
escort. It seems to have been a hard  
journey. The caravan was often assailed  
by Arabs; and the Turkish escort used to  
beat the Christians in their charge. By a  
present of tobacco Lithgow secured the  
good-will of the Turkish owner of the mule  
which carried his provisions; for the  
Turks, he says, are as addicted to smoke,  
as Dutchmen are to the pot. But when  
once Damascus was reached, food for man  
and beast, and lodging, were provided  
gratis by the grand seignior. Of Damas-  
cus, its pillar of brass marking the spot  
where Cain slew Abel, the house of Ana-  
nias, "the rose-water sold in barrels as  
beer is with us," the weapons of steel, the  
fruits, Lithgow speaks in unbounded terms  
of praise. He can only compare it to one  
other city out of paradise, "that matchless  
pattern and mirror of beauty, the city of  
Antwerp." The journey through Arabia

Petræa was safely performed, thanks to  
the admirable precautions of the captain  
of the caravan, who, nevertheless, freely  
bled Lithgow's purse, making him pay ex-  
cessive sums by the way of tribute to the  
Arab chiefs, and putting the difference in  
his own pocket. The Holy Land was  
traversed. At one village near Cæsarea  
Philippi, the Moors and Arabs gave the  
Christians for their supper an hundred  
strokes apiece, because some of them had  
trodden on the graves of the dead. After  
leaving Nazareth a great danger was in-  
curred. A Christian guide named Joab  
was hired to lead the caravan to Lydda.  
Sending on ahead he warned a robber chief  
to intercept the caravan, and then led the  
travellers into all sorts of bad places, in  
order to give time to the Arabs to intercept  
them. However, he was suspected, and  
having been bound on a horse and threat-  
ened with death he confessed. At last by  
another route the caravan reached Tyre,  
where Lithgow, like Mark Twain's new  
pilgrims, broke off a pound-weight of a  
marble pillar, said to have been brought  
from Gaza, and to be one of those that  
Samson pulled down. The half of this  
precious relic he afterwards presented to  
King James of blessed memory. Here  
too he met an English factor, Mr. Brokess,  
who kindly took him to a Moorish house,  
"where instantly we swallowed down such  
jovial and deep carouses of Leatic wine,  
that both he and I were almost fastened in  
the last plunge of understanding."

And so the rude journey continued.  
One day he has to pay seven gold sequins  
tribute, another day five, to the wretched  
kings of the East. Another day, his to-  
bacco being all gone, the owner of his  
mule tried to beat him and dismount his  
goods. Again, attacked by Arabs, who  
were driven back, the caravan had nine  
women and five men killed, and over thirty  
persons, including the captain, badly  
wounded. At last Jerusalem appears in  
sight; but the sun having gone down, the  
gates were locked, and the hungry and  
weary travellers were left outside. No  
offers of money would induce the Turks  
within to give them food; but the guardian  
of the monastery of Cordeliers sent two  
friars who let down bread, wine, and fish  
to Lithgow over the wall; for which, hav-  
ing been espied, the guardian had to pay  
next day a fine of one hundred piastres,  
£30 sterling; "otherwise had both he and  
I been beheaded."

On Palm Sunday 1612, three years from  
his leaving Paris, Lithgow entered into  
Jerusalem, where he was met and received



by the guardian of the convent of grey friars. Though we know that his travels were undertaken from sheer love of adventure, we fear he did not scruple to accept the advantages of the rôle of pilgrim. He was escorted to the monastery by twelve friars, singing a *Te Deum*, and each holding a wax candle. The guardian washed his right foot and the vicar his left; then they and all the twelve friars kissed them. "But when they knew afterwards that I was no popish Catholic, they sore repented them of their labor." How the canny Scotsman must have thrust his tongue in his cheek, as the guardian and the vicar performed these loving ablutions! Yet his intolerant spirit might have well received a lesson from these good Catholic monks; for, on the very day of his arrival, when he and some German Protestants who were, like himself, hospitably entertained at the convent, laughed to see the guardian and the friars beaten and ill-treated on the return of their procession from Bethpage, all the answer made by the guardian was a gentle request that whatever they might think, they would abstain from mocking at the rites which he was bound to perform. "To which," says Lithgow, "we condescended."

A day or two later the friars and their guest made a pilgrimage to the Jordan. They were nearly overwhelmed in sand and attacked by Arabs, but at length they reached the river; and here, as a specimen of our author's style, we will describe in his own words his adventure in search of a stick for King James:—

Considering the ancient reputation of this famous river, and the rare sight of such an unfrequented place, I climbed up to the top of a turpentine tree, which grew within the limited flood, a little above where I left my company, even naked as I came from swimming, and cut down a fair hunting-rod, which afterwards, with great pains, I brought to England, and did present it (as the rarest gem of a pilgrim's treasure) to his Majesty. But I remember in the choosing thereof, an unexpected accident fell out; for I being sequestered from the sight of the company, upon this solitary tree, with broad observing leaves, the friars and soldiers removed; keeping their course toward Jericho, but within two furlongs from Jordan, they were beset with the former nocturnal enemies, who assailed them with a hard conflict. For I, hearing the harquebuses go off, was straight in admiration; and looking down to the place where I left my associates, they were gone; so bending my eyes a little further in the plain, I saw them at a martial combat; which sight gave me suddenly the threatening of despair, not knowing whether to stay intrenched within the circumdating

leaves, to approve the events of my auspicious fortunes, or in prosecuting a relief to be participant of their doubtful deliverance. In the end, pondering I could hardly or never escape their hands, I leapt down from the tree, leaving my Turkish clothes lying upon the ground, took only in my hand the rod and shass which I wore on my head; and ran stark naked above a quarter of a mile amongst thistles and sharp-pointed grass, which pitifully bepricked the soles of my feet. Approaching on the safe side of my company, one of our soldiers broke forth on horseback, being determined to kill me for my staying behind. Yea, and three times he smote at me with his half-pike; but his horse being at his speed, I prevented his cruelty, first by falling down, next by running in among the thickest of the pilgrims, recovering my beast. Which when the guardian espied, and saw my naked body, he presently pulled off his gown and threw it at me, whereby I might hide the secrets of nature; by which means in the space of an hour I was clothed three manner of ways: first, like a Turk; secondly, like a wild Arabian; and thirdly, like a grey friar; which was a barbarous, a savage, and a religious habit.

We cannot pause to relate in detail the sojourn in Jerusalem: how Lithgow refused to be made a Knight of the Holy Sepulchre, with its privileges of being allowed to set free any malefactor on his way to the gallows, and of carrying silks through all Popish countries without paying duty; how he had his right arm tattooed with the crowns of Scotland and England, and some verses in honor of the king, immediately over the holy sepulchre, to the horror of the friars; how he had to pay the guardian handsomely, and to reward "the avaricious guide, the gaping steward, the Cerberian porter, and the Cimmerian cook with his Etnæan face;" how he finally refused all prayers for further bounties to the convent, having already in eighteen days in Jerusalem spent eighteen pounds sixteen shillings sterling, and this, although the convent had been fined £30 for feeding him on the night of his arrival; how he bargained with the Egyptian caravan to take him away, and how he crossed the desert of Sinai from Gaza; the hardships of the journey; how three of the party of six Germans died in the desert of exhaustion; and how at length Cairo was reached, where the remaining three died of drinking down too much strong Cyprus wine without mixture of water; how the last of the six left all their gold to the stout Scotsman who had been the companion of their desert journey; how the Venetian factor in whose house they died seized their goods, and the pasha gave judgment that two-thirds

should go to Lithgow and one-third to the Venetian; the unmistakable delight at the legacy of nine hundred and forty-two sequins, and the rather doubtful sorrow and the very sincere resignation expressed for the poor gentlemen's death.

Lithgow visited the pyramids and the sphinx, and then descended the Nile to Rosetta, in a boat surrounded with forked spikes of iron for fear of the crocodiles, "who generally leap upon boats, and will carry the passenger away headlong down the stream." He tells how the crocodiles are killed by a rat, which runs into their mouths and eats its way out of their bodies; and relates an admirable sporting story of how a Venetian "squint-eyed gunner" killed an enormous crocodile by a most complicated and ingenious combination of a piece of ordnance, a train of powder, a match, a string, and a dead ass for bait,—he having "been duly licentiated thereto by the grand bashaw." At Alexandria it was so hot that the traveller and his companions, used as they were to the desert heat, spent the day in sprinkling themselves with water, and the night lying on the housetop; but in due time a Slavonian ship bound for Ragusa took them off. Seventeen mariners, and all the four French pilgrims who had accompanied Lithgow from Jerusalem, died on the passage home, of what seems to have been the plague. Five times was the good ship assailed by the corsairs of Tunis; yet she arrived safely in Malta. Thence Sicily was reached, where the traveller was the means of rescuing some Sicilians from a gang of Moors who had seized them for slaves; and hence Naples, whence he again crossed Italy. A narrow escape from murder by four French thieves in a wood near Nice was his last trouble. By way of Spain, across the Pyrenees, he returned to Paris, and thence to London, where he duly presented to King James the pound-weight of Samson's marble pillar and the turpentine stick that had so nearly cost him his life; and so ends Lithgow's first journey.

How long he remained at home he does not tell us; nor will he say whether "discontent or curiosity drove him to his second perambulation"—that, he says, is best reserved to his own knowledge. At all events, before long he was on the road again. This time he traversed the Netherlands, ascended the Rhine, and crossed Switzerland into Italy, where he was robbed, and threatened with a year in the galleys for carrying a stiletto, on the false accusation of a soldier; but he was soon

released, and received fifty Florentine crowns of gold in compensation, whereat he extolled the knave that had brought him such a noble reward. Beset by banditti in Calabria, he was saved by exhibiting his patent of Jerusalem. Crossing to Sicily, he found two barons lying dead, who had fought for the love of a young noble woman. "Upon which sight, to speak the truth, I searched both their pockets, and found their two silken purses full laden with Spanish pistoles, whereat my heart sprung for joy; and, taking five rings off their four hands, I hid them and the two purses in the ground;" after which he alarmed the neighborhood; and when the neighbors were in full lamentation, and had removed the bodies, he made off with his stolen treasure, and reached Malta.

Hence away to Tunis, then to Algiers, strongly garrisoned by janissaries, and full of Spanish slaves; hence to Fez, the most horribly vicious of all the Eastern towns he met, in spite of its magnificent mosques, its beautiful houses and gardens, its sixty-seven bridges, its palaces and hospitals. His companion here was a French lapidary, one M. Chatteliné, who was advised to go to Æthiopia to buy precious stones, on which journey Lithgow was only too glad to accompany him. Hiring a dragoman and two Moorish servants, who left six of their kinsmen in custody as hostages with the Turkish authorities, they set forth. Part of the journey lay through a country rich in cattle, camels, and horses, among half-savage tribes, who sometimes "overlabored" the travellers with bastinadoes; part through a desert full of serpents and wild beasts, inhabited only by Bedouins. At last, despairing of reaching Æthiopia, and Chatteliné having fallen sick, and been left behind, Lithgow, at his dragoman's demand, turned northwards, and came among the Libyan Sabunks. The description of their prince is very curious: "His religion is damnable, so is his life; for he and all the four tribes of Libya worship only for their god, garlic; having altars, priests, and superstitious rites annexed to it; thinking garlic, being strong of itself, and the most part of their food, to have a sovereign virtue in an herbal deity." We should like to know what was "the merry secret here concerning the woman, which often I recited to King James of blessed memory;" but for once our traveller is reticent. Back from the Sabunks, with a guide, through the Numidian Moors—who made horse-shoes and nails by heating iron in the sun and hammering it with their fists—to

Tunis, where the first curiosity he describes is the artificial hatching of chickens in a furnace, upon warm camel's dung, through which the heat was admitted,—"a common thing almost throughout all Africa, which maketh hens with them so plenty everywhere."

While Lithgow was at Tunis, a certain Captain Danser, a Fleming, who had been a great pirate, came to the port as an ambassador of the French king, to relieve some French barks that were in captivity. The bashaw visited him on board his ship, sent him the vessels freely, and invited him to return the visit next day. Danser landed with twelve gentlemen; but as soon as he had crossed the drawbridge of the castle, the gate was shut, and the twelve friends left outside. Danser was then accused by the pasha of his old piracies and murders, and was straightway beheaded, his body being thrown into a ditch. Then the guns of the forts opened fire upon his vessels, but they, by cutting-cables, escaped. Nor does this strange treatment of an ambassador draw forth any further comment from our author than, "Lo! there was a Turkish policy, more sublime and crafty than the best European alive could have formed."

The homeward journey was made by Malta and Sicily, where our traveller visited Etna. At Messina he found dying, in extreme misery, Sir Francis Verney, who having spent all his patrimony, had turned Turk at Tunis, had been captured by Sicilian galleys, and, after two years' slavery, had been redeemed by an English Jesuit, on promise of reversion to the Christian faith, and had then turned common soldier. Sir Francis soon died, and his corpse was charitably interred by Lithgow. The rule of the country by the duke of Sona draws forth much admiration from our traveller; and as an example of his wisdom and justice, the following case is cited. A priest of Palermo having killed, in a house of ill-fame, a knight's servant who was brother to a shoemaker, the viceroy made the shoemaker pistol the priest, in spite of the cardinal. But the cardinal had previously punished the priest for killing the servant, by inhibiting him from saying mass for a year; so, to make justice complete, the viceroy, for the murder of the priest, inhibited the shoemaker from making shoes for a year, during which time, however, he gave him two shillings a day for his maintenance.

At Naples, whither he next proceeded, Lithgow was nearly coming to an untimely end through his testing the effects of the

Grotta del Cane upon himself, rather than pay the charge of the dogkeeper who stays by the cave; and again, by pushing his way too far into the Sibyl's Cave, where his guide abandoned him, his torch went out, and he fell into the water. From Naples he made his way into Hungary, of whose soil and climate he speaks in unbounded praise; but of its inhabitants he says they have ever been theftuous, treacherous, and false, so that there one brother will hardly trust another. From Hungary he passed through Transylvania into Moldavia, where, in a wood, he was robbed of all his clothes and sixty gold ducats, and bound stark naked to a tree. Here he remained all night, in great fear of wolves and wild boars, till in the morning he was relieved by a company of herds, who gave him an old coat, in which he put the papers and seals that had been left to him, and then made his way to the Baron Starhulds, who more than made good all his losses. He now travelled through Poland, meeting Scotsmen everywhere, as indeed he had done throughout his travels. One of these took him in a wagon from Warsaw to Dantzic, where for three weeks he lay so ill that his grave and tomb were prepared by his countrymen. But he was destined for other and still greater troubles yet; and so he sufficiently recovered to end his second journey by a sea-voyage home to London.

The traveller himself feels bound to give some special reasons for undertaking a third voyage after encountering so many privations in his two previous journeys. He tells us that his most urgent cause was the necessity of completing his survey of all Europe by visiting Ireland and the half of Spain, which alone he had not yet visited; and secondly, that he was resolved to visit Prester John's dominions in Æthiopia. So he wrote a poetical pamphlet to the king, obtained in return letters of safe-conduct and recommendation, and again set forth on his travels, reaching Dublin on the 22d August 1619. He spent five months travelling through Ireland; and he declares there are more rivers, lakes, brooks, strands, quagmires, bogs, and marshes there than in all Christendom besides. He was often overmired, saddle, body, and all; often set a-swimming in danger of his life, "that for cloudy and fountain-bred perils he was never reduced to such a floating labyrinth." In five months' space he quite spoiled six horses, and himself as tired as the worst of them. His description of the country is very remarkable; the people living in turf-

cabins then as now; their utter ignorance of the commonest tenets of their religion; their priest-ridden condition; their pagan superstitions, such as bequeathing their cattle to the protection of the new moon; their suffering from absentee landlords; their semi-barbarous manner of life; their ploughs fastened by straw-ropes to the horses' tails; the women giving suck to the babes on their backs by throwing the breasts over the shoulder, as the women in Africa do at this day: the lavish hospitality of the Irish gentry, whose "Spanish sack and Irish uscova" were always ready at hand; the wretched condition of the Protestant Irish clergy, of whom he says: "The ale-house is their church, the Irish priests their consorts; their auditors be 'fill and fetch more;' their text, Spanish sack; their prayers, carousing; their singing of Psalms, whiffing of tobacco; their last blessing, *agua vite*; and all their doctrine, sound drunkenness."

From Ireland he crossed over to St. Malo, and again visited Paris. His remarks on the fantastic foolery of the French are most amusing; and he concludes his epitome of France by naming three things for the wayfaring man to avoid there:—

First, the eating of victuals and drinking of wine without price-making; lest, when he hath done, for the stridor of his teeth, his charges be redoubled. Next, to choose his lodging far from marshy ditches, lest the vehemency of chirking frogs vex the wished-for repose of his wearied body and cast him into a vigilant perplexity. And lastly, unless he would rise early, never to lie near the fore-streets of a town, because of the disturbing clamors of the peasant samboys or nail wooden-shoes, whose noise, like an equivox, resembleth the clashing armor of armies, or the clangor of the Ulyssan tumbling horse to fatal Troy.

Lithgow now crossed the Pyrenees into Spain, then continued into Portugal, and thence back to Madrid; but the discomforts of travel in the Peninsula were too great even for our toil-inured traveller: "Great scarcity of beds and dear, and no ready-dressed diet;" and a people far from suited to one who was fond of free quarters and being hospitably entertained; for the Spaniard he found to be "of a spare diet and temperate, if at his own cost he spend; but if given gratis he hath the longest tusks that ever played at table." From Madrid he went to Toledo, where he met one Mr. Woodson, a London merchant, whom he accompanied to Malaga, where he arranged for a passage in a French ship to Alexandria in Egypt. But

on the 27th October, 1620, the English fleet, despatched against the pirates of Algiers, cast anchor in the roads. The people of Malaga thought they were Turkish ships, and the town was called to arms; but in the morning the mistake was discovered. Hundreds of the crews came on shore. Lithgow visited the English general Sir Robert Maunsil, on board his ship the "Lion;" and when the fleet sailed, resisting Sir Robert's invitation to accompany him to Algiers, he returned in a fishing-boat to save his linen, letters, and sacket, lying in his hostelry. He had scarcely landed, and was making his way by a quiet road to his lodging, shunning acquaintance, as he was to embark that evening, when he was seized by nine alguazils, wrapped in a black cloak, held by the throat to prevent his crying out, and carried to the governor's parlor. And now began the worst, if not the last, of all poor Lithgow's troubles.

The governor, whom Lithgow had previously known, paid no heed to his remonstrances, but ordered him to be confined, and his apprehension to be kept secret, and sent for the captain of the town, the alcalde, and the State scrivener. These four being assembled at a table, Lithgow was brought before them and questioned as to his journeyings. He was then shut up in a small room, whither the alcalde came and asked him to confess having been in Seville, where he had never been; but as he denied it, he was again brought before the tribunal, and made to swear to tell the truth. He was questioned as to the English fleet, its strength, designs, etc.; and when he denied previous knowledge that the fleet was coming, the governor called him a lying villain, and said he had been nine months in Seville as a spy, to give the English knowledge of the movements of the Spanish fleet. Lithgow in vain sent to his lodging and produced all his letters and passports. Even his patent of Jerusalem, and his *liber amicorum*, or book of kings', princes', and dukes' autographs, would not convince the governor, and order was given for his being incarcerated secretly in the palace. Then he was searched and stripped, and "in the doublet neck of his breeches, fast shut between two canvasses," they found one hundred and thirty-seven double pieces of gold, which the governor kept. At midnight he was heavily ironed by bolts on each ankle separated by an iron bar a yard long, and thrice as heavy as his body; so that he could only lie on his back, and not even turn. That night he had a good



supper of meat and wine, the last for many a long day.

Next day the governor visited him alone, and tried to get him to confess he was a spy; and when he would not, the governor flew into a rage, ordered that he should have no food but a pint of water and three ounces of brown bread daily, that only a slave should come near him, and that he should be allowed to hear no voice. And so he was left in the dark; and thus for forty-six days he lay.

On the forty-seventh morning before dawn he was carried, ironed as he was, in a coach, to a vine-press house in the fields outside the town, whither the rack had been brought the day before; all this secrecy being observed lest English or French or Flemings should hear of his imprisonment. At dawn of day he was interrogated with the same result — and as he would confess nothing, he was carried to the rack, his irons were knocked off, an inch of his left heel being struck away with the bolt by the executioner, while they told him his sufferings had not yet begun. Then he was stripped, mounted on the rack, and hung by the shoulders, with two small cords passing under his arms and through two rings in the wall above his head. His legs were drawn through the sides of the rack, and cords were fastened to his ancles; and then — the torture began. The description is far too horrible to be related here; and the torture was carried the further because the name and crown of that arch-heretic King James were found upon the sufferer's arm. The account of the torture of the rack is sickening; yet to that inhuman devilry was added that of filling the body with water till it could hold no more. For six long hours did these horrors, he tells us, endure, and then he was reclothed and given some wine and warm eggs, and transported back, in irons as before, to his former dark dungeon.

This occurred five days before Christmas, and each following day he was made to believe the torture was to be repeated. On Christmas Day he was visited by Marina, the ladies' gentlewoman, who, with many tears, brought him honey and fruits, and kind speeches; also the Turkish slave who waited on him brought him word, about St. John's Day, that the English fleet was coming with the Moors to sack Malaga. And now as Twelfth Day came he was threatened with more tortures; and every fourth day the governor ordered his silver-plate keeper to sweep the vermin which filled the loathsome cell over his

poor broken body. Then at night the poor Turkish slave would steal in with sticks and burning oil, and sweeping up the vermin in heaps, would burn them.

Soon afterwards he learned that some priests were busily translating his books into Spanish, and that they had found out he was an arch-enemy of the pope. Poor Lithgow! how bitterly his books were rising up in judgment against him now! Those two editions of the "delectable and true discourse of his first painful peregrination" were too full of anathemas against those accursed Papists. How often Job's "Oh that mine enemy would write a book!" must have come up into his mind. And now, on the second day after Candlemas, the inquisitors, with two Jesuits, entered his cell, accompanied by the governor. A long interrogation ensued. They admitted he had been unjustly accused as a spy, but said that now they had read his books, how he had written against the blessed miracles of Loretto, and the pope, Christ's vicar on earth, he deserved to be speedily burned. Day after day they returned, and endeavored to convert the heretic, promising him liberty and a pension if he would join the Catholic Church. But he still refused; whereupon he was condemned to receive eleven strangling torments in his cell, and then to be transported to Granada, and there burnt alive. Again was the horrible water torture used; the teeth set asunder with iron wedges, and water poured down the throat; then the throat was bound with a garter, and he was rolled about the room. Afterwards he was hung up by his toes, the garter cut, and the water allowed to run out of his mouth. Almost dead after this trial, he was again restored by wine.

The Turkish slave fell sick, and a negro woman who waited on him used secretly to convey him wine; but she was suspected, and the Turk brought back. And so things went on till near Easter; when one evening after supper, the governor, "to entertain discourse," disclosed the whole history to a Spanish cavalier of Granada, whose Flemish servant, standing behind his master, overheard the tale, and at daybreak next morning related it to the English consul, Mr. Richard Wilde, who at once guessed that Lithgow was the unfortunate sufferer. He summoned the other English merchants in Malaga, and they wrote to Sir Walter Aston, the British ambassador at Madrid, who obtained a warrant from the king of Spain for Lithgow's release. On Easter Saturday before midnight he was released, and next day he

was carried on board his Majesty's ship the "Vanguard," and thence sent to England in the "Goodwill" of Harwich, — the British merchants sending him presents of food, clothes, wine, and money. Fifty days later he reached Dartford-upon-Thames, whence the next morning he was carried on a feather-bed to Theobald's, and brought before the king, at his return from park; who witnessed with all the court of England "what a martyred anatomy he was, and how small hope was either expected of his life or recovery." The king sent him before the Spanish ambassador, who promised, in the presence of Lords Hamilton and Buckingham, that, after hearing from Spain, all his goods and money and papers should be restored, with £1,000 sterling to be paid by the governor of Malaga. These promises were made on the 6th June 1621. Lithgow was sent at the king's expense to the baths, and gradually recovered the health and strength of his body, though his left arm and crushed bones were incurable.

Alas, poor Lithgow! — another evil yet befell him. The ambassador's promises, which were to have been fulfilled by Michaelmas, were postponed to the following Easter; and then they were still unfulfilled, and the ambassador himself was about to depart for Spain. What happened had best now be told in our hero's own words: —

I told him flatly in his face the inward grief of my soul. Whereupon, in the Chamber of Presence, before the emperor's ambassador and divers gentlemen, his Majesty's servants, he rashly adventured the credit of regal honor in a single combat against me, a private, lame, and injured man. Where indeed he valiantly obtained both the victory and fame. Victor he was because of my commitment, for I lay nine weeks incarcerated in the Marshalsea at Southwark; and fame he likewise won, because he took it all with him to his country, leaving none here behind him, I mean, for this action.

The edition in which Lithgow first relates this his third voyage, and in which he tells the story of his imprisonment in the Marshalsea, is dated "from my chamber in the Charterhouse, the 13th of January 1623;" and in some verses before the end of the volume, the traveller describes his rest and content as a recipient of the advantages of the charitable aims of the founder of that institution.

That he subsequently so far recovered as to make a pedestrian journey from London to Scotland, it is satisfactory at least to know; but his later editions, to which

these are added, do not improve his autobiography.

At the end of the copy of this edition, in the British Museum, are some verses, written in contemporary handwriting, said to be the author's autograph, that suggest some subsequent imprisonment.

The Charterhouse is lost, the more's my grief,  
And I close pris'n'r clapt, in bondage  
strong,

Where I six long years lay, void of relief,  
This book the cause, the Spaniard and their  
wrong;

Whose former tortures nor their bloody rack  
Cannot suffice, but still they seek my wrack.  
Vivit post funera virtus.

In spite of his vanity, his love of money, his intolerance in religion, his drunken bouts, and his unblushing robbery of the dead in Sicily, we confess the adventurous traveller has won our sympathy by his indomitable courage and perseverance; while by the side of his hardships and sufferings, those of even Cameron and Stanley sink into comparative insignificance.

---

SIR GIBBIE.

BY GEORGE MACDONALD.

AUTHOR OF "MALCOLM," "THE MARQUIS OF LOSSIE,"  
ETC.

CHAPTER VII.

THE TOWN SPARROW.

"THIS, too, will pass," is a Persian word: I should like it better if it were "This too shall pass."

Gibbie's agony passed, for God is not the God of the dead but of the living. Through the immortal essence in him, life became again life, and he ran about the streets as before. Some may think that wee Sir Gibbie — as many now called him, some knowing the truth, and others in kindly mockery — would get on all the better for the loss of such a father; but it was not so. In his father he had lost his Paradise, and was now a creature expelled. He was not so much to be pitied as many a child dismissed by sudden decree from a home to a school; but the streets and the people and the shops, the horses and the dogs, even the penny-loaves though he was hungry, had lost half their precious delight, when his father was no longer in the accessible background, the heart of the blissful city. As to food and clothing, he did neither much better nor any worse than before: people were kind

as usual, and kindness was to Gibbie the very milk of mother Nature. Whose the hand that proffered it, or what the form it took, he cared no more than a stray kitten cares whether the milk set down to it be in a blue saucer or a white. But he always made the right return. The first thing a kindness deserves, is acceptance, the next is transmission: Gibbie gave both without thinking much about either. For he never had taken, and indeed never learned to take, a thought about what he should eat or what he should drink, or wherewithal he should be clothed — a fault rendering him, in the eyes of the economist of this world, utterly unworthy of a place in it. There is a world, however, and one pretty closely mixed up with this, though it never shows itself to one who has no place in it, the birds of whose air have neither storehouse nor barn but are just such thoughtless cherubs — thoughtless for themselves, that is — as wee Sir Gibbie. It would be useless to attempt convincing the mere economist that the great city was a little better, a little happier, a little merrier for the presence in it of the child, because he would not, even if convinced of the fact, recognize the gain; but I venture the assertion to him, that the conduct of not one of its inhabitants was the worse for the example of Gibbie's apparent idleness; and that not one of the poor women who now and then presented the small baronet with a penny, or a bit of bread, or a scrap of meat, or a pair of old trousers — shoes nobody gave him, and he neither desired nor needed any — ever felt the poorer for the gift, or complained that he should be so taxed.

Positively or negatively, then, everybody was good to him, and Gibbie felt it; but what could make up for the loss of his Paradise, the bosom of a father? Drunken father as he was, I know of nothing that can or ought to make up for such a loss except that which can restore it — the bosom of the Father of fathers.

He roamed the streets, as all his life before, the whole of the day, and part of the night; he took what was given him, and picked up what he found. There were some who would gladly have brought him within the bounds of an ordered life; he soon drove them to despair, however, for the streets had been his nursery, and nothing could keep him out of them. But the sparrow and the rook are just as respectable in reality, though not in the eyes of the henwife, as the egg-laying fowl, or the dirt-gobbling duck; and, however Gibbie's habits might shock the ladies of Mr. Scla-

ter's congregation, who sought to civilize him, the boy was no more about mischief in the streets at midnight, than they were in their beds. They collected enough for his behoof to board him for a year with an old woman who kept a school, and they did get him to sleep one night in her house. But, in the morning, when she would not let him run out, brought him into the school-room, her kitchen, and began to teach him to write, Gibbie failed to see the good of it. He must have space, change, adventure, air, or life was not worth the name to him. Above all he must see friendly faces, and that of the old dame was not such. But he desired to be friendly with her, and once, as she leaned over him, put up his hand — not a very clean one, I am bound to give her the advantage of my confessing — to stroke her cheek: she pushed him roughly away, rose in indignation upon her crutch, and lifted her cane to chastise him for the insult. A class of urchins, to Gibbie's eyes at least looking unhappy, were at the moment blundering through the twenty-third Psalm. Ever after, even when now Sir Gilbert more than understood the great song, the words, "thy rod and thy staff," like the spell of a necromancer would still call up the figure of the dame irate, in her horn spectacles and her black-ribboned cap, leaning with one arm on her crutch, and with the other uplifting what was with her no mere symbol of authority. Like a shell from a mortar he departed from the house. She hobbled to the door after him, but his diminutive figure many yards away, his little bare legs misty with swiftness as he ran, was the last she ever saw of him, and her pupils had a bad time of it the rest of the day. He never even entered the street again in which she lived. Thus, after one night's brief interval of respectability, he was again a rover of the city, a flitting insect that lighted here and there, and spread wings of departure the moment a fresh desire awoke.

It would be difficult to say where he slept. In summer anywhere; in winter where he could find warmth. Like animals better clad than he, yet like him able to endure cold, he revelled in mere heat when he could come by it. Sometimes he stood at the back of a baker's oven, for he knew all the haunts of heat about the city; sometimes he buried himself in the sides (*husks of oats*) lying ready to feed the kiln of a meal-mill; sometimes he lay by the furnace of the steam-engine of the water-works. One man employed there, when his time was at night, always made a bed

for Gibbie: he had lost his own only child, and this one of nobody's was a comfort to him.

Even those who looked upon wandering as wicked, only scolded into the sweet up-turned face, pouring gall into a cup of wine too full to receive a drop of it—and did not hand him over to the police. Useless verily that would have been, for the police would as soon have thought of taking up a town sparrow as Gibbie, and would only have laughed at the idea. They knew Gibbie's merits better than any of those good people imagined his faults. It requires either wisdom or large experience to know that a child is not necessarily wicked even if born and brought up in a far viler *entourage* than was Gibbie.

The merits the police recognized in him were mainly two—neither of small consequence in their eyes; the first, the negative, yet more important one, that of utter harmlessness; the second, and positive one—a passion and power for rendering help, taking notable shape chiefly in two ways, upon both of which I have already more than touched. The first was the peculiar faculty now pretty generally known—his great gift, some, his great luck, others called it—for finding things lost. It was no wonder the town crier had sought his acquaintance, and when secured, had cultivated it—neither a difficult task; for the boy, ever since he could remember, had been in the habit, as often as he saw the crier, or heard his tuck of drum in the distance, of joining him and following, until he had acquainted himself with all particulars concerning everything proclaimed as missing. The moment he had mastered the facts announced, he would dart away to search, and not unfrequently to return with the thing sought. But it was not by any means only things sought that he found. He continued to come upon things of which he had no simulacrum in his phantasy. These, having no longer a father to carry them to, he now, their owners unknown, took to the crier, who always pretended to receive them with a suspicion which Gibbie understood as little as the other really felt, and at once advertised them by drum and cry. What became of them after that, Gibbie never knew. If they did not find their owners, neither did they find their way back to Gibbie; if their owners were found, the crier never communicated with him on the subject. Plainly he regarded Gibbie as the favored jackal, whose privilege it was to hunt for the crier, the royal lion of the city forest. But he spoke

kindly to him, as well he might, and now and then gave him a penny.

The second of the positive merits by which Gibbie found acceptance in the eyes of the police, was a yet more peculiar one, growing out of his love for his father, and his experience in the exercise of that love. It was, however, unintelligible to them, and so remained, except on the theory commonly adopted with regard to Gibbie, namely, that *he wasna a' there*. Not the less was it to them a satisfactory whim of his, seeing it mitigated their trouble as guardians of the nightly peace and safety. It was indeed the main cause of his being, like themselves, so much in the street at night: seldom did Gibbie seek his lair—I cannot call it couch—before the lengthening hours of the morning. If the finding of things was a gift, this other peculiarity was a passion—and a right human passion—absolutely possessing the child: it was, to play the guardian angel to drunk folk. If such a distressed human craft hove in sight, he would instantly bear down upon and hover about him, until resolved as to his real condition. If he was in such distress as to require assistance, he never left him till he saw him safe within his own door. The police asserted that wee Sir Gibbie not only knew every drunkard in the city and where he lived, but where he generally got drunk as well. That one was in no danger of taking the wrong turning, upon whom Gibbie was in attendance, to determine, by a shove on this side or that, the direction in which the hesitating, uncertain mass of stultified humanity was to go. He seemed a visible embodiment of that special providence which is said to watch over drunk people and children, only here a child was the guardian of the drunkard, and in this branch of his mission, was well known to all who, without qualifying themselves for coming under his cherubic cognizance, were in the habit of now and then returning home late. He was least known to those to whom he rendered most assistance. Rarely had he thanks for it, never halfpence, but not unfrequently blows and abuse. For the last he cared nothing; the former, owing to his great agility, seldom visited him with any directness. A certain reporter of humorous scandal, after his own third tumbler, would occasionally give a graphic description of what, coming from a supper party, he saw about one o'clock in the morning. In the great street of the city, he overhauled a huge galleon, which proved, he declared, to be the provost himself, not exactly *water-*



logged, and yet not very buoyant, but carrying a good deal of sail. He might possibly have escaped very particular notice, he said, but for the assiduous attendance upon him of an absurd little cock-boat, in the person of wee Gibbie—the two reminding him right ludicrously of the story of the Spanish Armada. Round and round the bulky provost, gyrated the tiny baronet like a little hero of the ring, pitching into him, only with open-handed pushes, not with blows, now on this side and now on that—not after such fashion of sustentation as might have sufficed with a man of ordinary size, but throwing all his force now against the provost's bulging bows, now against his overleaning quarter, encountering him now as he lurched, now as he heeled, until at length he landed him high, though certainly not dry, on the top of his own steps. The moment the butler opened the door, and the heavy hulk rolled into dock, Gibbie darted off as if he had been the wicked one tormenting the righteous, and in danger of being caught by a pair of holy tongs. Whether the tale was true or not, I do not know: with after-dinner humorists there is reason for caution. Gibbie was not offered the post of henchman to the provost, and rarely could have had the chance of claiming salvage for so distinguished a vessel, seeing he generally cruised in waters where such craft seldom sailed. Though almost nothing could now have induced him to go down Jink Lane, yet about the time the company at Mistress Croale's would be breaking up, he would on most nights be lying in wait a short distance down the Widdiehill, ready to minister to that one of his father's old comrades who might prove most in need of his assistance; and if he showed him no gratitude Gibbie had not been trained in a school where he was taught to expect or even to wish for any.

I could now give a whole chapter to the setting forth of the pleasures the summer brought him, city summer as it was, but I must content myself with saying that first of these, and not least, was the mere absence of the cold of the other seasons, bringing with it many privileges. He could lie down anywhere and sleep when he would; or spend, if he pleased, whole nights awake, in a churchyard, or on the deck of some vessel discharging her cargo at the quay, or running about the still, sleeping streets. Thus he got to know the shapes of some of the constellations, and not a few of the aspects of the heavens. But even then he never felt alone, for he gazed at the vast from the midst of a city-

ful of his fellows. Then there were the scents of the laylocks and the roses and the carnations and the sweet peas, that came floating out from the gardens, contending sometimes with those of the grocers' and chemists' shops. Now and then too he came in for a small feed of strawberries, which were very plentiful in their season. Sitting then on a hospitable doorstep, with the feet and faces of friends passing him in both directions, and love embodied in the warmth of summer all about him, he would eat his strawberries, and inherit the earth.

## CHAPTER VIII.

## SAMBO.

No one was so sorry for the death of Sir George, or had so many kind words to say in memory of him, as Mistress Croale. Neither was her sorrow only because she had lost so good a customer, or even because she had liked the man: I believe it was much enhanced by a vague doubt that after all she was to blame for his death. In vain she said to herself, and said truly, that it would have been far worse for him and Gibbie too, had he gone elsewhere for his drink; she could not get the account settled with her conscience. She tried to relieve herself by being kinder than before to the boy; but she was greatly hindered in this by the fact that, after his father's death, she could not get him inside her door. That his father was not there—would not be there at night, made the place dreadful to him. This addition to the trouble of mind she already had on account of the nature of her business, was the cause, I believe, why, after Sir George's death, she went down the hill with accelerated speed. She sipped more frequently from her own bottle, soon came to "tasting with" her customers, and after that her descent was rapid. She no longer refused drink to women, though for a time she always gave it under protest; she winked at card-playing; she grew generally more lax in her administration; and by degrees a mist of evil fame began to gather about her house. Thereupon her enemy, as she considered him, the Rev. Clement Sclater, felt himself justified in moving more energetically for the withdrawal of her license, which, with the support of outraged neighbors, he found no difficulty in effecting. She therefore *fitted* to another parish, and opened a worse house in a worse region of the city—on the river-bank, namely, some little distance above the quay, not too far to be within easy range of sailors, and the

people employed about the vessels loading or discharging cargo. It pretended to be only a lodging-house, and had no license for the sale of strong drink, but nevertheless, one way and another, a great deal was drunk in the house, and as always card-playing, and sometimes worse things were going on, getting more vigorous ever as the daylight waned, frequent quarrels and occasional bloodshed was the consequence. For some time, however, nothing very serious brought the place immediately within the conscious ken of the magistrates.

In the second winter after his father's death, Gibbie, wandering everywhere about the city, encountered Lucky Croale in the neighborhood of her new abode: down there she was *Mistress* no longer, but, with a familiarity scarcely removed from contempt, was both mentioned and addressed as Lucky Croale. The repugnance which had hitherto kept Gibbie from her having been altogether to her place and not to herself, he at once accompanied her home, and after that went often to the house. He was considerably surprised when first he heard words from her mouth for using which she had formerly been in the habit of severely reproving her guests; but he always took things as he found them, and when ere long he had to hear such occasionally addressed to himself, when she happened to be more out of temper than usual, he never therefore questioned her friendship. What more than anything else attracted him to her house, however, was the jolly manners and open-hearted kindness of most of the sailors who frequented it, with almost all of whom he was a favorite; and it soon came about that, when his ministrations to the incapable were over, he would spend the rest of the night more frequently there than anywhere else; until at last he gave up, in a great measure, his guardianship of the drunk in the streets for that of those who were certainly in much more danger of mishap at Lucky Croale's. Scarcely a night passed when he was not present at one or more of the quarrels of which the place was a hot-bed; and as he never by any chance took a part, or favored one side more than another, but confined himself to an impartial distribution of such peace-making blandishments as the ever springing fountain of his affection took instinctive shape in, the wee baronet came to be regarded, by the better sort of the rough fellows, almost as the very identical sweet little cherub, sitting perched up aloft, whose department in the saving-business of the universe it was, to take care of the

life of poor Jack. I do not say that he was always successful in his endeavors at atonement, but beyond a doubt Lucky Croale's houff was a good deal less of a hell through the haunting presence of the child. He was not shocked by the things he saw, even when he liked them least. He regarded the doing of them much as he had looked upon his father's drunkenness — as a pitiful necessity that overtook men — one from which there was no escape, and which caused a great need for Gibbies. Evil language and coarse behavior alike passed over him, without leaving the smallest stain upon heart or conscience, desire or will. No one could doubt it who considered the clarity of his face and eyes, in which the occasional but not frequent expression of keenness and promptitude scarcely even ruffled the prevailing look of unclouded heavenly babyhood.

If any one thinks I am unfaithful to human fact, and overcharge the description of this child, I on my side doubt the extent of the experience of that man or woman. I admit the child a rarity, but a rarity in the right direction, and therefore a being with whom humanity has the greater need to be made acquainted. I admit that the best things are the commonest, but the highest types and the best combinations of them are the rarest. There is more love in the world than anything else, for instance; but the best love and the individual in whom love is supreme are the rarest of all things. That for which humanity has the strongest claim upon its workmen, is the representation of its own best; but the loudest demand of the present day is for the representation of that grade of humanity of which men see the most — that type of things which could never have been but that it might pass. The demand marks the commonness, narrowness, low-levelled satisfaction of the age. It loves its own — not that which might be, and ought to be its own — not its better self, infinitely higher than its present, for the sake of whose approach it exists. I do not think that the age is worse in this respect than those which have preceded it, but that vulgarity, and a certain vile contentment swelling to self-admiration, have become more vocal than hitherto; just as unbelief, which I think in reality less prevailing than in former ages, has become largely more articulate, and thereby more loud and peremptory. But whatever the demand of the age, I insist that that which *ought* to be presented to its beholding, is the com-

mon good uncommonly developed, and that not because of its rarity, but because it is truer to humanity. Shall I admit those conditions, those facts, to be true exponents of *humanity*, which, except they be changed, purified, or abandoned, must soon cause that humanity to cease from its very name, must destroy its very being? To make the admission would be to assert that a house may be divided against itself, and yet stand. It is the noble, not the failure from the noble, that is the true human; and if I must show the failure, let it ever be with an eye to the final possible, yea, imperative, success. But in our day, a man who will accept any oddity of idiosyncratic development in manners, tastes, or habits, will refuse, not only as improbable, but as inconsistent with human nature, the representation of a man trying to be merely as noble as is absolutely essential to his being — except, indeed, he be at the same time represented as failing utterly in the attempt, and compelled to fall back upon the imperfections of humanity, and acknowledge them as its laws. Its improbability, judged by the experience of most men, I admit; its unreality in fact I deny; and its absolute unity with the true idea of humanity, I believe and assert.

It is hardly necessary for me now to remark, seeing my narrative must already have suggested it, that what kept Gibbie pure and honest was the rarely-developed, ever-active love of his kind. The human face was the one attraction to him in the universe. In deep fact, it is so to every one; I state but the commonest reality in creation; only in Gibbie the fact had come to the surface; the common thing was his in uncommon degree and potency. Gibbie knew no music except the voice of man and woman; at least no other had as yet affected him. To be sure he had never heard much. Drunken sea-songs he heard every night almost; and now and then on Sundays he ran through a zone of psalm-singing; but neither of those could well be called music. There hung a caged bird here and there at a door in the poorer streets; but Gibbie's love embraced the lower creation also, and too tenderly for the enjoyment of such a melody. The human bird loved liberty too dearly to gather any thing but pain from the little feathered brother who had lost it, and to whom he could not minister as to the drunkard. In general he ran from the presence of such a prisoner. But sometimes he would stop and try to comfort the naked little Freedom, disrobed of its space; and on one occasion was caught

in the very act of delivering a canary that hung outside a little shop. Any other than wee Gibbie would have been heartily cuffed for the offence, but the owner of the bird only smiled at the would-be liberator, and hung the cage a couple of feet higher on the wall. With such a passion of affection, then, finding vent in constant action, is it any wonder Gibbie's heart and hands should be too full for evil to occupy them even a little?

One night in the spring, entering Lucky Croale's common room, he saw there for the first time a negro sailor, whom the rest called Sambo, and was at once taken with his big, dark, radiant eyes, and his white teeth continually uncovering themselves in good-humored smiles. Sambo had left the vessel in which he arrived, was waiting for another, and had taken up his quarters at Lucky Croale's. Gibbie's advances he met instantly, and in a few days a strong mutual affection had sprung up between them. To Gibbie Sambo speedily became absolutely loving and tender, and Gibbie made him full return of devotion.

The negro was a man of immense muscular power, like not a few of his race, and, like most of them, not easily provoked: inheriting not a little of their hard-learned long-suffering. He bore even with those who treated him with far worse than the ordinary superciliousness of white to black; and when the rudest of city-boys mocked him, only showed his teeth by way of smile. The ill-conditioned among Lucky Croale's customers and lodgers were constantly taking advantage of his good nature, and presuming upon his forbearance; but so long as they confined themselves to mere insolence, or even bare-faced cheating, he endured with marvellous temper. It was possible, however, to go too far even with him.

One night Sambo was looking on at a game of cards, in which all the rest in the room were engaged. Happening to laugh at some turn it took, one of them, a Malay, was offended, and abused him. Others objected to his having fun without risking money, and required him to join in the game. This for some reason or other he declined, and when the whole party at length insisted, positively refused. Thereupon they all took umbrage, nor did most of them make many steps of the ascent from displeasure to indignation, wrath, revenge; and then ensued a row. Gibbie had been sitting all the time on his friend's knee, every now and then stroking his black face, in which, as insult followed insult, the sunny blood kept slowly rising,

making the balls of his eyes and his teeth look still whiter. At length a savage from Greenock threw a tumbler at him. Sambo, quick as a lizard, covered his face with his arm. The tumbler falling from it, struck Gibbie on the head — not severely, but hard enough to make him utter a little cry. At that sound, the latent fierceness came wide awake in Sambo. Gently as a nursing mother he set Gibbie down in a corner behind him, then with one rush sent every Jack of the company sprawling on the floor, with the table and bottles and glasses atop of them. At the sight of them his good humor instantly returned, he burst into a great hearty laugh and proceeded at once to lift the table from off them. That effected, he caught up Gibbie in his arms, and carried him with him to bed.

In the middle of the night Gibbie half woke, and, finding himself alone, sought his father's bosom; then, in the confusion between sleeping and waking, imagined his father's death come again. Presently he remembered it was in Sambo's arms he fell asleep, but where he was now he could not tell: certainly he was not in bed. Groping, he pushed a door, and a glimmer of light came in. He was in a closet of the room in which Sambo slept — and something was to do about his bed. He rose softly and peeped out. There stood several men, and a struggle was going on — nearly noiseless. Gibbie was half-dazed, and could not understand; but he had little anxiety about Sambo, in whose prowess he had a triumphant confidence. Suddenly came the sound of a great gush, and the group parted from the bed and vanished. Gibbie darted towards it. The words, "*O Lord Jesus!*" came to his ears, and he heard no more: they were poor Sambo's last in this world. The light of a street lamp fell upon the bed: the blood was welling, in great thick throbs, out of his huge black throat. They had bent his head back, and the gash gaped wide.

For some moments Gibbie stood in ghastly terror. No sound except a low gurgle came to his ears, and the horror of the stillness overmastered him. He never could recall what came next. When he knew himself again, he was in the street, running like the wind, he knew not whither. It was not that he dreaded any hurt to himself; horror, not fear, was behind him.

From The Argosy.

## LIGHTHOUSES.

LIGHTHOUSES are of great antiquity, but were long of a very imperfect kind; originally nothing more than open fires on the ground. Faraday says that the first idea of a lighthouse was the candle in the cottage window, lighting the husband across the water, or the pathless moor. At an early period in the history of commerce the necessity for such structures must have been felt, and the ancients paid great attention to their construction. The most celebrated lighthouse of antiquity was that of Pharos, near Alexandria, built by Ptolemy Philadelphus, B.C. 280. Josephus states that its light could be distinguished at forty-five miles distance; it fell so recently as A.D. 1303. From this building pharos came to be the general name for lighthouse, and still exists in the French *phare*.

The Romans were diligent builders of lighthouses, and were the first to introduce them into England. On the summit of Dover Mount still stands the Roman pharos which is supposed to have lighted vessels from the coast of France. Authentic records have come to us of lighthouses at Ostia, Caprea, Ravenna, Puteoli, at the mouth of the Chrysorhoas, on the Bosphorus, Boulogne; and Pennant gives a plate of what is supposed to have been a Roman tower at Gaireg, in Wales.

During the Middle Ages many such towers were erected, the most beautiful of which, as an architectural structure, is that of Genoa. The old English towers were rough and homely, and Lambarde describes them before the reign of Edward III. as "merely great stacks of wood."

The general management of lighthouses and buoys in England is entrusted to the Corporation of the Elder Brethren of the Holy and Undivided Trinity, known as Trinity House. This body was first incorporated in the year 1515, in the reign of Henry VIII., but for many years little was done to ensure the safety of ships by means of lights. With the increase of commerce and navigation, however, they became a matter of necessity, and in the time of James I. the first lighthouse was erected on Dungeness Point.

The first stone lighthouse in Europe was the celebrated Tour de Condouran, built on a flat rock off the mouth of the Garonne, in the Bay of Biscay. It was finished and lit up more than two hundred and fifty years ago, but still continues one



of the finest towers in existence; it replaced one built by the English between 1362-71, when the Black Prince was governor of Guienne. The stone building was begun by Louis de Foix in 1584, continued through the reign of Henry IV., and finished in that of Louis XIII. Its height is now one hundred and eighty-six feet, and its style of construction enables it to bear much more decoration than our own more homely structures; it is also memorable as the first house which exhibited a revolving light.

Perhaps the most familiar and celebrated of all lighthouses is that of Eddystone, which marked a crisis in the history of lighthouse building, for the marvellous success which attended its erection led to many other works of the same kind. The Eddystone forms the crest of a reef of rocks which rise fourteen miles S.S.W. of Plymouth Harbor; they are nearly in a line with Lizard Head and Start Point, and lie in the very path of vessels coasting up and down the English Channel; many a gallant ship has been dashed to pieces, and its sailors gone down within sight of home, on this cruel rock. The first attempt to establish a light upon it was made by Mr. Winstanley, who obtained the necessary powers in 1696, and finished his honorable undertaking in four years, though the light was first exhibited in 1698. The rock being uncovered only at low water and in calm weather, rendered the undertaking one of extreme difficulty, and the first summer was entirely spent in making twelve holes in the rocks, and fastening irons into them by which to hold the superstructure; sometimes for ten or twelve days together, the violence of the eddying sea would prevent all operations. The work of the second summer was the erection of a solid pillar on which to set the lighthouse; and during the third, it rose to a height of eighty feet. The fourth summer saw the completion of what resembled a Chinese pagoda, with open galleries and numerous projections; the main gallery under the light was so wide that an eye-witness recorded that it was "possible for a six-oared boat to be lifted up on a wave, and driven clear through the open gallery into the sea on the other side." Winstanley deserves every credit for his heroic endeavor to accomplish what had hitherto been deemed impossible, but a building so unsuited in every way to endure the violence of winds and waves could not stand, and we are not surprised to hear that, during a violent storm in November, 1703, it

was entirely washed away, though we must regret that its brave erector perished in the fall of his own creation.

Three years after this failure, in 1706, the Brethren of Trinity House obtained an act of Parliament to enable them to rebuild the lighthouse, and the lease being taken by Captain Lovet, he entrusted the work to John Rudgood, who designed a simple and masterly tower which, avoiding the projections of its predecessor, offered as little resistance as possible to the elements; it was erected in the form of a cone, but its main defect lay in the material of which it was composed, for, like Winstanley's, it was of wood. It would take too long to follow the details of a building which was then considered a triumph of engineering skill: it is sufficient to say it stood bravely for fifty years and fell a victim to fire in 1755; the flames spread with rapidity through the dry and heated lantern, and in a few minutes the whole building was in a blaze. As the increasing trade in the Channel impelled its re-erection, the proprietors took at once the necessary steps for the work, and casting around for the best man their choice fell upon John Smeaton, whose name will ever live in connection with one of the proudest triumphs of human skill and patience. He was by profession a mathematical-instrument maker, and the matter in hand was wholly new to him, but he lost no time in devoting all his energies to it.

One of his first conclusions was, that the building must be of stone, thus combating the popular impression that "nothing but wood could possibly stand on the Eddystone." He carefully examined the plans of the two former lighthouses, and became more and more convinced that their defect was want of weight; he therefore resolved to make his building solid up to a certain height and from thence hollow, and greatly to increase the diameter of the foundation, taking for his model the bole of a spreading oak-tree; he also made very extensive use of the process of dovetailing, then unknown in masonry, and rooted his foundations into the rock. His plans were made before he ever visited the scene of his future labors, but so skilfully were they laid that slight modifications only were needed. Nothing could bring before us more vividly the almost superhuman difficulties of this undertaking than the account of Smeaton's first attempts to land on the Eddystone rock. Day after day a storm kept him on shore, and when he did reach his destination the sea was

so violent that to effect a landing was impossible. This was not the history of one but repeated trials, and we must ever honor the man who, by his patient perseverance, won so noble a victory over the greatest obstacles that nature in her angriest mood could lay in his path.

It was determined that the lighthouse should be built of stone, and all arrangements having been made, Smeaton himself fixed the centre and laid down the lines on August 3rd, 1756, and from that date the work proceeded steadily but intermittently, depending greatly on tide and weather; at the most not more than six hours' labor could be done at one time. By the end of November the necessary cutting in the rock had been safely accomplished, and the workers returned to shore to prepare the stone for next season. The building was fairly begun in the summer of 1757, and, as soon as the work had been carried above high water, it proceeded rapidly. Next season the task was recommenced in May, and to the engineer's delight he found that the storms of winter had left the tower unscathed. This season saw the completion of the solid portion of the building, which formed the floor of the storeroom—the first of the necessary rooms for the lighthouse keepers: the walls of these rooms are twenty-six inches thick; the blocks of stone "joggled and cramped, so as to secure perfect solidity." All through these anxious months Smeaton's sole thought was for his lighthouse, and early in the morning and late at night would he gaze eagerly through his telescope from Plymouth Hoe, till the tall white pillar of darting spray assured him of the safety of his cherished undertaking, every portion of which had been manufactured under his own eye. The next season proved so stormy that the men did not begin their work till July; but, so rapidly did it now progress, that by August 17th the last stone was set, and on October 16th, 1759, that light was first exhibited which for more than a century has been a source of joy and safety to the tempest-tossed sailor. The Eddystone lighthouse is ninety feet high, and its light is visible for nine miles, and is now only one of the many beacons which light up the English Channel along its whole extent, and render its navigation as safe by night as by day.\*

\* Since these words were written it has been discovered that the foundations of the Eddystone Lighthouse have commenced to give way. The lighthouse is consequently condemned. It was at first proposed to

Eleven miles from the mainland of Scotland, near the entrances of the Firths of Forth and of Tay, lies a dangerous reef, which, so early as the fourteenth century, was a source of such peril that the Abbot of Arbroath caused a bell to be placed on what is now so well known as the Bell Rock. In 1799 a more than usually violent storm, which caused a terrible loss of life, gave rise to the formation of many plans for a lighthouse on the fatal spot, and Captain Brodie proposed one of cast iron, but his idea was not approved of. Other plans were also proposed and rejected, till the commissioners appointed Mr. Rennie to examine the site, and report as to the best course to be pursued. After much deliberation he decided that a stone lighthouse, built on the plan of Eddystone, would alone meet the exigencies of the case; the rock being uncovered by the water for less time than that of Eddystone, the difficulties of the foundation would be even greater, but he had no doubt they could be overcome and the work accomplished in four years. The report was adopted, and Mr. Rennie appointed chief engineer, with Mr. Stevenson as assistant, to superintend operations on the spot, and in 1807 the task was begun.

It is impossible in one short paper to follow in detail the difficulties, disappointments, and slow progress of the building of each lighthouse, which were much the same in every case, varied only by the greater or less hindrances of tide and site. The history of the Bell Rock lighthouse rivals in thrilling interest that of Eddystone, and should be read by all who can sympathize with the daring yet patient ardor of our great engineers. We must be content to say that it was happily completed by the end of 1810, and the light regularly exhibited after February 11th, 1811. Its cost was £61,332; its height, one hundred and seventeen feet, and its light can be seen for a distance of eighteen miles.

Another celebrated Scotch lighthouse, to which a brief notice must be accorded, is that of Skerryvore, twenty-four miles west of Iona. It is the chief rock of a long reef of compact gneiss, which stretches for eight or ten miles, and in the only point which could afford the needful foundation; for forty-four years previous to 1844 it had been annually the scene of

destroy the rock on which it stands by dynamite; but there appears to have been some objection to this plan: and the present lighthouse will probably give place to a new and still more perfect structure.

a shipwreck. The difficulty of landing was great, owing to the immense force (three tons to the superficial foot) with which the Atlantic broke upon it, and caused the delay of the scheme till 1838, when it was undertaken by Mr. Alan Stevenson, who followed generally the plan of the Bell Rock, and, in spite of disasters and tempests, completed his work in 1844. Its cost was nearly £87,000; its diameter at the base, forty-two feet, and at the top, sixteen feet; and its light is a guide to mariners for eighteen miles.

The total number of lights in Great Britain in January, 1871, afloat and ashore, was five hundred and fourteen. Lighthouses in England are usually painted white or red, while those in Scotland are left their natural color. The number of lights of all classes on the English coast averages one to nearly every eleven miles; or, if the floating lights are excluded, one to every fourteen miles; as a general rule, the horizon to be lighted is limited to fifteen or twenty miles, and the height above the sea level varies from ninety to five hundred and forty feet; depending, of course, on the situation of the foundation.

The French lighthouse system is very perfect and comprehensive; the authorities class their lights in four divisions, according to their power and range of visibility. The *phares* of the first class are visible for thirty, those of the second for twenty-five, those of the third for fifteen miles; while the fourth class, or harbor lights, are seen only for six miles. Of thirteen of the principal French lighthouses, the height varies from one hundred and fifty-seven to three hundred and ninety-seven feet, and the cost from £4,000 to £38,000; while the range of visibility is from eighteen to twenty-seven miles. The greatest recorded distance at which an oil lamp has been seen is that of the holophotal light of Allepey, in Travancore, which has been visible from an elevated position forty-five miles away. This seems very wonderful, but is almost equalled by the revolving light of Buccalieu, in Newfoundland, which throws its beneficent beams for forty nautical miles.

Something must now be said on the subject of the lights themselves, which, beginning with the old-fashioned beacon fires, have not yet reached perfection. The earliest system was merely that of blazing fires on the open ground; then a candle was tried placed in a lantern, and this was adopted at Eddystone, which was first lighted by twenty-four candles in a sort of

chandelier. The use of oil lamps instead of candles is said to have been introduced by the celebrated engineer Borda, about 1780 or 1790. Various kinds of oil have been tried; for fifty years spermaceti was used, but the preference is now given to rape-seed, or colza, as the most economical and reliable.

The next step in advance was the adoption of reflectors, which gave rise to the *catoptric* system, which was universal for half a century. The light thrown from a parabolic reflector is sent out in parallel rays, and can be seen for a great distance. Then came the *dioptric* system, which consisted in magnifying one large flame through a lens. It had been suggested to Smeaton, 1759, and had been actually employed in the Portland lighthouse in 1789, but, through some mismanagement, it had fallen into disfavor for many years till revived by Augustin Fresnel in a paper read before the French Academy of Sciences, in 1822. The French government at once adopted the dioptric system, which has been improved and perfected by Leopold Fresnel, Alan Stevenson, Arago, and Faraday; it is to this last-named distinguished philosopher that we are indebted for the present efficient mode of ventilating lighthouse lamps.

The light now generally adopted in British lighthouses is a mixture of the two systems; inside the great glass lantern, usually about twelve feet high, is placed another framework of glass, corresponding to the shape of the lantern, and which, enclosing the lamp, is composed of, firstly, a band of glass round the middle, called the *lenticular* belt, which considerably magnifies the flame; the top consists of a number of prisms, which intercept the light which would otherwise be lost on the roof; and in the lower part of the apparatus is another set of prisms, which, in a similar manner, prevent the light being wasted below.

A curious light is one shown at Stornoway Bay, where the position of a rock is indicated by means of a beam of parallel rays thrown from the shore upon an apparatus fixed in the top of a beacon erected upon the rock itself; this is called an *apparent* light, from its appearing to rise from a flame on the rock, while in reality it proceeds from the shore six hundred and fifty feet distant, and is refracted by glass prisms placed on the beacon.

Many other means of lighting, besides that of oil lamps, have been tried, though none of them are yet extensively adopted;

lime light, electric light, magnesium, and gas. Sir William Thomson, however, considers that "the lighthouse of the future is to be illuminated by gas, except when the situation is on an isolated rock, or where, for any reason, the price of coal is prohibitory." Professor Tyndall coincides in this opinion, and in a paper by Mr. Wigham, gas engineer, we find that this theory has been put into practice by the Irish Board of Lights at Howth Bailey, in Dublin Bay, where an actual saving has been effected by the substitution of gas for oil. The most beautiful and interesting, perhaps, of all lights, is that discovered by Professor Faraday, the electric light. It is really nothing more than the white heat caused by the meeting of two opposing electrical currents, generated by a powerful machine, and conveyed by two copper wires, each terminating in a carbon point. These points are kept at a certain distance from each other, and when the two opposing currents meet there, the resistance of both causes the carbon to glow and become white hot; the incandescent state of the carbon is the brilliant electric light itself. It was utilized by Mr. Holmes, who invented an apparatus for producing it, which was tried in 1859 at the South Foreland lighthouse; it has, however, only been steadily used for six years, but has proved itself so successful that it merits a somewhat detailed notice. The stream of electricity which supplies the two lighthouses standing one above the other on the chalk cliffs of the South Foreland promontory, is not derived from a pile or a battery, but is ground out of huge magneto-electric machines worked by a twenty horse-power steam engine — the current being conducted by wires from the machine-house to the lighthouses. The light generated by this beautiful contrivance is kept constant by means of a clock-work arrangement which draws the carbon points closer together as they disperse themselves by combustion; it is necessary, however, to change them altogether every three hours, but as this is accomplished by the keeper in a few seconds, no real inconvenience is experienced. The cost is a more serious consideration, for we are told, while three keepers suffice for an ordinary lighthouse, a staff of eight men is constantly needed to sustain the electric light at the South Foreland.

A large majority of lights on the British coast are fixed, but a considerable number are revolving. Sir William Thomson considers the present system of lighting very

far from perfect, and would have all lighthouses so distinguished that they could not possibly be mistaken for ship or shore lights. He recommends the abolition of lights revolving at different intervals, which, he says, are often mistaken on a stormy night, and the adoption of Morse's telegraph signs. Each lighthouse should have its own letter, which it should show incessantly from sunset to sunrise by means of Morse's dots and dashes, this being accomplished by a simple mechanical contrivance which would drop a screen before the gaslight, eclipsing it at intervals, thus by light and darkness showing the letters on Morse's plan; the length between the dots and dashes indicated by intervals of darkness, the dots and dashes themselves, that is the letters, by short and long flashes; this is called an *occulting* light. The originator of this idea was Babbage the mathematician, and his paper on the subject may be found by the curious in the pigeon-holes of Trinity House, though warmly approved of by such high authorities as Professor Tyndall and Sir William Thomson, the latter of whom has invented an eclipsing gaslight to be employed in lighthouses, which was exhibited at a conversazione of telegraph engineers on December 2nd, 1874.

This branch of scientific discovery is, like so many others at the present day, still capable of further development, and the perfection and extension of the labors of our savants will doubtless furnish a theme of interest to the future historian of scientific research, and its practical application to the wants of commercial navigation.

A. G.

---

From The Saturday Review.  
BOOKWORMS.

IN the long and bitter struggle for supremacy which has gone and is still going on between the bookish few and the unread many, we must reckon to the score of the latter two signal advantages, when, in times past, they invented the terms "bookworm" and "blue-stocking." These were immense achievements, such as their opponents could scarcely match, and all the more noticeable because the party from which they have proceeded is, as a rule, the inarticulate one. Such an instance of the force of expression whereby it has once upon a time delivered itself is a measure of the feeling which lies smoul-



dering in the breasts of all its members, the "great silent souls" — to borrow a phrase of Mr. Carlyle — who belong to what we may call the unintellectual class. It should serve as a wholesome caution to the literary minority, who are too apt to forget — because, forsooth, they can make their side of the dispute *sound* the loudest — that there is this balanced conflict going on, and to imagine that the fighting is all on one side, that they have now nothing more to do than to inflict the proper chastisement upon their opponents. Nothing can exceed the depth of their error upon this and kindred questions; a natural error, perhaps, because they are here concerned with the subject of their own influence and importance in the world. What the literary man is pleased to call (euphemistically) fame or reputation arising from his successes is by this very term bookworm exposed at its true valuation in the eyes of the laity. When expanded into its full meaning — for the utterances of the silent class are as concise and pregnant as those of an oracle — the word seems to express some such sentence as this addressed to the man of letters: You are a poor creature, who, from the unkindness either of nature or fortune, have failed past all hope of success in the real efforts of life; you have never been an athlete, a maker of scores at cricket, or a rower in university eights; you have shown no skill as a sportsman; and, as you grew in years, you did not grow in your knowledge of horseflesh or in your discrimination of vintages. You are letting the years pass over you without having learnt or done one of the things which it is the common desire of mankind to learn and do. You never won a Derby or a shooting-match, or made a great "bag" or a good "book;" you have not got so much as a single cup or a single brush to show that your life has not been lived in vain. But, to avoid the stings of conscience, and a too crushing sense of defeat, you bury yourself in the frivolous and fanciful pursuits of literature or science, and surround yourself with a clique of unhappy wretches of the same mould — lepers and outcasts in reality — who agree in pretending that their unhealthy hues are the natural complexion of man in his highest development.

This is the real opinion of the world — the vast majority in any country — concerning fame and literary reputation. Balzac said that critics were *les impuissants qui manquent à leur début*; most men

would go further and apply the phrase to everybody who wields a pen. By sedulously shutting his eyes to the truth and courting the society of his kind, such as can be found in large towns, the bookworm may for a time succeed in forgetting that he is not a hero, but a sort of pariah among his fellowmen. Indeed, as has been said, his blindness sometimes leads him to the length of railing against the unlearned, as though he were carrying the whole world along with him. For a proper awakening, and in order that society may have its full revenge upon him, let the bookworm be tracked out alone, and taken away to spend a few months in the midst of an agricultural neighborhood; that is to say, let him be put for once among a people occupied not with the fictitious interests of imagination or of the past, but with those real and constantly recurring interests which attach to turnips considered either in respect of their own qualities or of the quantity of game to which they will afford a shelter, the conflicting merits of different kinds of guns and cartridges, the capacities and the ailments of the horse and the dog, etc. In the midst of these things he soon discovers how remote his speculations have lain from the practical business of life. To such varied subjects will be added about nightfall disquisitions upon the purchase and history of wines and of cigars — is he more at home here? — or upon that never-failing topic, the history of the coloring of a meerschaum pipe. Among the other sex, besides the universal and purely feminine interests of dress and babies, some local disturbance — the dispute between the clergyman and his archdeacon, between the schoolmaster and the Dissenting minister — involves, it is evident, some deepest considerations of policy or of religion, but so intricately that they are quite inexplicable to the uninstructed layman.

At first, with a sinful hankering after forbidden pleasures, our bookworm hopes to gain some consolation from his accustomed companions. He carries the accursed thing in pocket volumes about with him, and tries to steal away into arbors or unused morning rooms. But he is oppressed by a sense of guilt and a constant fear of detection, which eat into and in time quite wear away his power of enjoyment. There are some hosts and hostesses who feel it to be a reflection upon their character if their guest is seen occupied with a book, deeming that nothing but the extremity of dulness could ever bring one

to such a pass. And so, if he goes to the library at all, the bookworm must go there under the plea of writing letters, and take good heed not to become too absorbed, lest he should find that some expedition out of doors has been waiting for him to join it. Or he must stand by the bookshelf in an attitude of pretended irresolution—the true dawdling attitude of a country house—as though only casually, and as it were accidentally, peering into the volume. When he drives to a picnic he longs for a seat on the box, which might afford a chance for gratifying his craving; but if he gets there he is allowed no peace, and is almost required to twist his head off for fear of missing the sights of the neighborhood. These are penalties sufficient for whatever contemptuous expressions he or his associates may in happier moments have been betrayed into towards the unreading public. For, if he is a true brother of the order, some daily dose of literature is as necessary to the bookworm as his daily drops are to the opium-eater; without it he must die, or abruptly end his visit. Towards the end of the day his agonies grow very intense. During the protracted discussion of wines in the dining-room his spirits have been rapidly falling, just as the opium-eater's spirits fall when the hour for his dose has long passed, and at last threaten a total extinction; and when he gets into the drawing-room and the music is found fairly under way—"John Peile" for the benefit of the country gentlemen—he is mechanically drawn to the one bookshelf the room contains. Alas, it has glass doors and they are locked! A row of standard authors in virgin bindings—sleeping beauties—lie before his eyes, ready for a touch to awake them into life; but he has not the audacity of the true prince. Certainly the enchantment consists of nothing more than two comparatively inexpensive glass doors. He *could* break through it, after such a period of torture; but his resolution is not fixed before he is recalled to the excitement of a round game at cards.

Nevertheless, let him take courage, for his time will come at last. Have we not said that otherwise he must perish? It comes when the household has retired for the night. There in bed, at the double danger of murder and suicide—only that, like Macaulay, he has too often run the risk of committing patricide, matricide, and fratricide to attach much weight to such a consideration as that—we may leave him to his orgies. The early habits of the

country, early chiefly in the direction of retiring to rest, are a great inducement towards reading in bed, supposing any inducement to such an indulgence were necessary; and for ourselves we have never known any moments of this enjoyment more keenly pleasurable than such as were won under the circumstances in which we have placed the bookworm. Increase of appetite has not in these cases grown from what it fed on, but from a terrible and protracted fast. Fortunately in the present day no household is so unlettered as not to offer us plenty of matter worth reading; indeed there is a certain class of literature almost always to be met with in those country wildernesses, and seeming to have a peculiar appositeness and vitality there. We can remember making our first close acquaintance with Bewick's "British Birds" in the most bookless house in which it was ever our fortune to be cast. Bewick and Walton and White of Selborne are of course sure to be lurking somewhere; and these three authors, less than any that we know, should be read in copies furnished from a lending library. If we do not possess them ourselves, we should certainly wait till we can borrow them from a friend; for they are treasures too sacred and individual to form a part of any communal schemes. In addition to these classics, the country house may be reckoned upon to hold a number of works which are too rapidly disappearing from our town bookshelves—the bygone classics, standing monuments of wit and beauty as they were esteemed by our fathers, now almost utterly faded from the recollection of the present generation. Here they find their asylum, their harbor of refuge, where the peace of their last resting-place is seldom broken. Such books as we mean are "Tom and Jerry," or Seymour's "Sporting Sketches," or "The Book of Beauty, Edited by the Countess of Blessington," with its story by B. Disraeli, Esq., and elegant verses by Thomas Haynes Bayly, or Mrs. Radcliffe or Mrs. Gore, or "our immortal Joanna Baillie" herself—the expression is Scott's—and many immortals more back to the time of the author of "Douglas;" or, again, some of the antique numbers of magazines and reviews—the *Gentleman's Magazine* of sixty years ago, or the *Quarterly* and *Blackwood* under the editorship of Southey and Lockhart. When we read such relics of the past, we see that the historic imagination may be exercised without going further away than

the youth time of the last generation; and for any unkindly rubs of fortune in our own case, some unaccountable blindness of the reading public towards our merits, we gain the solace of a free criticism of other former reputations. How remote some of these things seem from us—impossible beauties, impossible sentimental

stories, impossible political theories of Southey and Lockhart. We might be exploring an antediluvian literature. The proverb is something musty. "Die two months ago, and not forgotten yet! then there is hope that a great man's memory may outlive his life half a year."

AN OLD-FASHIONED ORCHARD.—In these modern days men have lost the pleasures of the orchard; yet an old-fashioned orchard is the most delicious of places wherein to idle away the afternoon of a hazy autumn day, when the sun seems to shine with a soft slumberous warmth without glare, as if the rays came through an aerial spider's web spun across the sky, letting all the beauty but not the heat slip through its invisible meshes. There is a shadowy coolness in the recesses under the trees. On the damson trunks are yellowish crystalline knobs of gum which has exuded from the bark. Now and then a leaf rustles to the ground, and at longer intervals an apple falls with a decided thump. It is silent save for the gentle twittering of the swallows on the topmost branches—they are talking of their coming journey—and perhaps occasionally the distant echo of a shot where the lead has gone whistling among a covey. It is a place to dream in, bringing with you a chair to sit on—for it will be freer from insects than the garden seats—and a book. Put away all thought of time; often in striving to get the most value from our time it slips from us as the reality did from the dog that greedily grasped at the shadow; simply dream of what you will, with apples and plums, nuts and filberts within reach. Dusky Blenheim oranges, with a gleam of gold under the rind; a warmer tint of yellow on the pippins. Here streaks of red, here a tawny hue. Yonder a load of great russets; near by heavy pears bending the strong branches; round black damsons; luscious egg-plums hanging their yellow ovals overhead; bullace, not yet ripe, but presently sweetly piquant. On the walnut-trees bunches of round green balls—note those that show a dark spot or streak, and gently tap them with the tip of the tall slender pole placed there for the purpose. Down they come glancing from bough to bough, and, striking the hard turf, the thick green rind splits asunder, and the walnut itself rebounds upwards. Those who buy walnuts have no idea of the fine taste of the fruit thus gathered direct from the tree, when the kernel, though so curiously convoluted, slips its pale yellow skin easily, and is

so wondrously white. Surely it is an error to banish the orchard and the fruit garden from the pleasure-grounds of modern houses, strictly relegating them to the rear as if something to be ashamed of.

Pall Mall Gazette.

SPONTANEOUS COMBUSTION OF WASPS' NESTS.—Some time ago the house of General P. M. Arismendi (now consul of Venezuela, in Port-of-Spain, Trinidad) in this city, had a rather narrow escape from being set on fire by the spontaneous combustion of a large wasps' nest (a species of *Polistes*) in a closet under a roof. The day was exceedingly hot; but this circumstance, I think, has a very slight connection (if any at all) with the outbreak of smoke from the nest. Roofs in this country are constructed of tiles supported by a thick layer of compact earth, which rests on the usual lath-work of dry canes (the stems of *Gynerium saccharoides*, or aborescent grass), both being substances that conduct heat very badly. The source of heat must therefore have been in the nest itself. In bee-hives the temperature rises sometimes as high as 38° C. (*teste* Newport, as cited in Girdwoyn, "*Anat. et Physiol. de l'Abeille*," p. 23). We may be allowed to suppose that something similar happens occasionally also in wasps' nests. Such a heat might be caused by an alteration beginning in the wax, hydro-carbons being formed, which, on being absorbed by the paper-like, porous substance of the cell-walls, must get still more heated, so that a comparatively small access of oxygen would be sufficient to set the whole nest on fire.

I have been assured that the spontaneous combustion of wasps' nests is a well-known fact in the interior of Venezuela, and as I do not recollect having found it mentioned in books, it appeared to me worth while to inquire whether something similar has been observed in other parts of the world, and if so, whether my explanation will hold good in all cases.

A. ERNST.

Caracas, July 15.